TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

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U. S. MOURNS HARDING'S DEATH; CALVIN COOLIDGE IS PRESIDENT

NEW CAPTAIN IN COMMAND OF SHIP OF STATE

Coolidge Takes Solemn Oath to Guide Destiny of Nation in Simple Farmhouse Ceremony.

Calvin Coolidge became President of the United States at 2:47 A. M., August 3.

His first official act was his signature of a proclamation announcing the death of President Harding and calling upon the country to observe August 10 as a day of mourning and prayer. On that day Mr. Harding's body is to be buried in Marion.

In a dimly lamp-lighted room in the old Coolidge homestead, in the midst of the Vermont hills, and in the presence of only a few witnesses, the oath was administered by John C. Coolidge, the new President's father. The elder Coolidge is a notary public, which qualified him to officiate at this momentous event.

With no other visible form of emotion, save the paleness of countenance, Mr. Coolidge stood beside a little table with his right hand upraised as his aged father read the oath:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States."

In the deep silence which followed, Mr. Coolidge said:

"I will, so help me God!"

Dressed in Black.

Mr. Coolidge was dressed in a black sack suit and black necktie in token of mourning for Mr. Harding. Mrs. Coolidge wore black, also. Others present were Congressman Porter H. Dale, L. L. Lane, president of the Railway Mail Association of New England; Joseph H. Fountain, editor of a Springfield, Vt., newspaper, and E. G. Geisser, assistant secretary to Mr. Coolidge.

The actual scene of the swearing in was the more impressive by its simplicity. The deep silence of a mid-Summer night brooded over the countryside as John C. Coolidge, in a low but distinct voice, read the oath of office. The scene was made the more picturesque by contrast with the usual presidential inauguration in Washington amidst vast crowds gathered from all parts of the nation.

The Coolidge home is a plain, two-story frame, nestling in the foothills of the Green mountains. Not since Theodore Roosevelt, while on the hunting trip, received news of the death of President McKinley, has the information of a president's death been carried to his successor under such simple and rugged surroundings.

To Observe Mourning.

President Coolidge signed executive orders for the closing of all government departments from the time of the arrival in Washington of the funeral party from San Francisco on Tuesday until the day of burial.

Other executive orders signed by the chief provide that there shall be no official entertainments until next December 1, and that formal calls of organizations or of officials in a body at the White House will be deferred until after September 3, the end of the 30 days' period of national mourning.

During those 30 days flags on federal buildings throughout the country, on naval ships and at navy stations and army posts will remain at half mast.

As the funeral train moved eastward from San Francisco Saturday the army and navy paid its honors to their dead commander-in-chief with the booming of salutes.

At daybreak army guns at all stations fired a salute of 30 guns and from that time until sundown there were single shots at intervals of 30 minutes with a final salute of 48 guns.

At all stations the army forces were paraded at 10 A. M. and army orders announcing the death of the President were read by the commanding officers.

Cabinet to Resign.

The resignations of the cabinet officers probably will be submitted at the first cabinet meeting after Mr. Harding's funeral. When this will be held is uncertain.

President Coolidge assured the newspaper correspondents Saturday that he will continue the practice of his predecessor in holding semi-weekly conferences with them. He added that he will be glad to give out any information and assist in the proper dissemination of news from the White House.

"This is your government," he said, "and you exercise a great and helpful influence over the administration of it. I have no doubt that you will give the administration the necessary co-operation."

Having announced he would dedicate himself to the task of carrying out Mr. Harding's administrative policy, the new President, his friends and advisers believe, will make no changes in the governmental machinery, at least for the present.

Steadily, messages of condolence to Mrs. Harding continue to pour into the White House, where three telegraph operators are kept busy receiving the messages.

For the present, Mr. Coolidge has indicated he will not make use of the executive offices, but will transact official business in an office set aside for him in his hotel, and in the vice president's suite at the capitol.

Won't Occupy White House.

As for occupying the White House as a residence, both Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge have expressed themselves as preferring to remain in the hotel suite which has been their home here since March, 1921, until Mrs. Harding finds it convenient for them to take over the executive mansion. They have notified her of this desire.

President Coolidge went directly to his suite in the Willard hotel on his arrival in Washington, where he and Mrs. Coolidge will remain until Mrs. Harding at her convenience, moves from the White House.

The last leg of President Coolidge's trip from New England to Washington was made in fast time. Less than four hours and a half after he had boarded the special train which awaited him at the Pennsylvania station, in New York, he stood in the capital.

As he passed through the gates to the presidential entrance of the railroad station which was last used by Mr. Harding when starting his Alaskan trip, Mr. Coolidge raised his hat and bowed quietly to the crowd behind the ropes. There were no cheers nor applause but spectators raised their hats. The reception throughout was marked by its dignity and silence.

Mr. Coolidge let it be known that the present personnel of the Harding administration will continue in office indefinitely, and that he could see no reason for any present change or for the interruption of any negotiations now being carried on with foreign governments by Mr. Harding's appointees.

SIX PRESIDENTS DIED IN OFFICE

Harding Third Chief Executive From Ohio Taken by Death.

President Harding, the twenty-ninth president of the United States, was the sixth president to die in office and the third executive from Ohio so to die.

William Henry Harrison was the first to die while president. He died April 4, 1841, at Washington, after serving but one month of his term.

Zachary Tailor died in Washington July 9, 1850, after serving one year, four months and five days.

Abraham Lincoln was shot by an assassin in Ford's theater, Washington, April 14, 1865, dying the next day. He had served four years, one month and eleven days.

James A. Garfield was shot while in the Pennsylvania station at Washington, July 2, 1881, and died at Elberton, N. J., September 19, 1881. He had served six and a half months.

William McKinley was shot twice, September 6, 1901, while in the Temple of Music at the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y. He died eight days later, having served four years, six months and ten days.

President Harding, who died at San Francisco, had been chief executive two years, four months and 29 days.

Pension Predicted for Mrs. Harding

If precedents are followed, Mrs. Warren G. Harding will receive a life pension of $5,000 a year from the government.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt were given the annuities by vote of the house and senate, and members of congress said that there was little doubt of similar action in the case of Mrs. Harding.

Too Wise to Work for Love of It

A report from Gibbon, Neb., says a farmer near there began threshing but stopped before the work had progressed very far, as he figured the yield at present prices would not be sufficient to pay for threshing. Some farmers are storing their wheat, awaiting a higher price.

THRONGS MEET CREPE-DRAPED FUNERAL TRAIN

Reverent People With Bowed Heads Line Tracks as Body is Carried to Capital.

The sorrow in the hearts of the American people over the death of their leader was exemplified by silent groups along the railroad side as the special train bearing the body of Warren G. Harding traversed the country.

With bared heads they stood. There was none too poor, none too rich, none too mighty or none too humble to pay their mark of respect to the memory of President Harding. They were conscious only of showing their sorrow, but to those on the funeral train they typified the American people as a whole.

Mingled with their sorrow, the silent bare head people felt the utmost sympathy for the bravely calm woman who rides with her dead in the last car of the train. The hurriedly passing train gave them no opportunity to express their smmpathy in words, but Mrs. Harding read it in their faces. It gave her strength in this hour of sorrow, but it also was a constant reminder, even though she needed none, of her great loss.

Funeral Arrangements.

The funeral arrangements called for the removal of Mr. Harding's body on its arrival in Washington, to the White House. There it was to remain until Wednesday morning in the majestic East Room and then taken to the capitol rotunda. Detachments of soldiers, sailors and marines were to serve as an escort from the executive mansion to the capitol.

After the services in the rotunda, the body of the late President was to lie in state and the public permitted to file past the catafalque until 6 P. M. Wednesday. At that hour the body was to be removed to the train to be carried to Marion, O., for burial Friday.

San Francisco interred the memory of her Warren G. Harding last Saturday in its vault of treasured thoughts while slowly recovering from the sorrowful scenes which surrounded the funeral cortege of the late chief executive of the nation Friday.

The funeral services were simple. The members of Mr. Harding's official family and a few intimate friends gathered about the casket and heard the Rev. James S. West, a Baptist minister, pray for "him, whom Thou has called from sacrificial service to rest eternal."

Mrs. Harding, dressed in deep mourning, with a black cape reaching to her shoe tops, was veiled. She held her gaze on the minister while he read his text, but bowed her head as he raised his hand for prayer.

Her eyes were dry at the finish of the prayer and in a half choked voice she uttered the word "Amen."

When the minister finished, Mrs. Christian stepped back to her original place and Mrs. Harding, leaning on Secretary Christian's arm, walked to the front of the coffin, held her hand out to the Rev. Mr. West, and gazed at the head of her dead husband.

"I want you to look at his face,"

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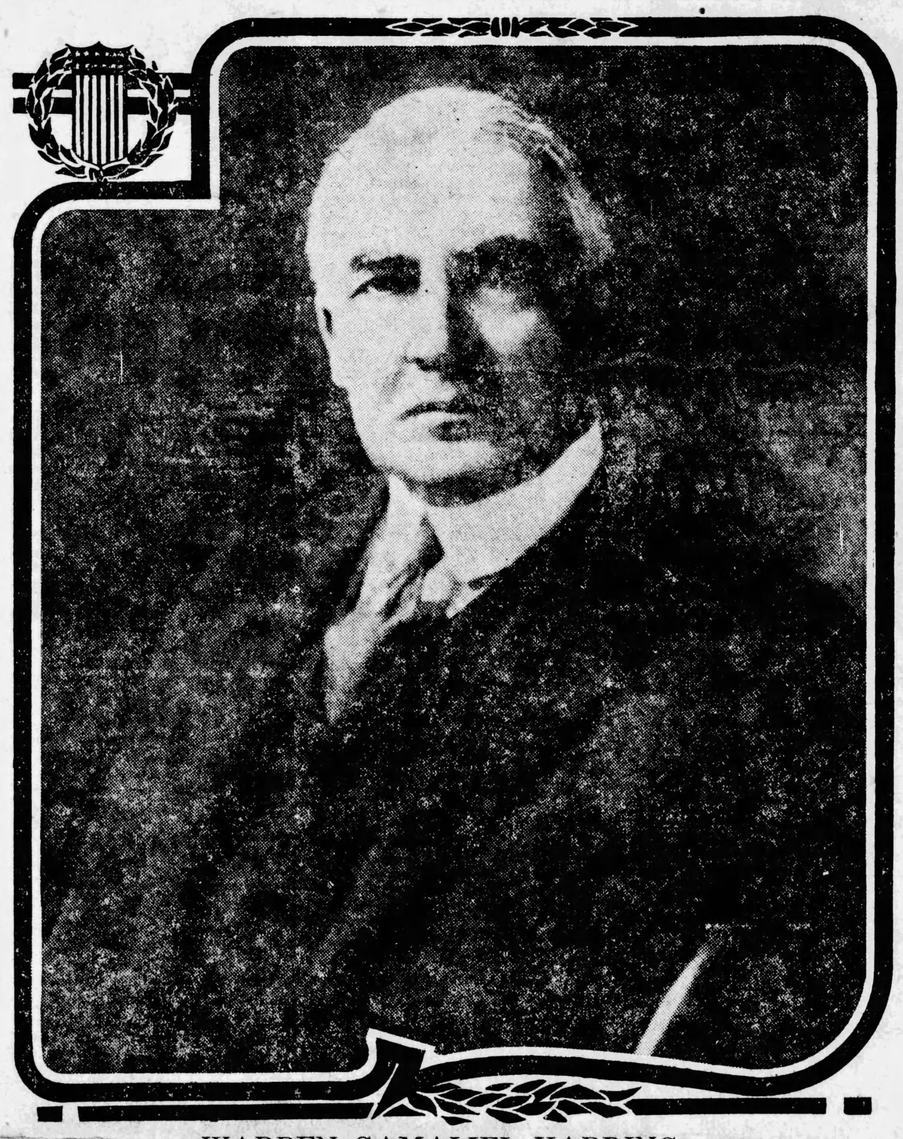

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING

Stately Elms to Stand Guard Over Nation's Dead Leader in Marion

The spot in Marion cemetery where all that is mortal of Warren G. Harding, president of the United States, will be consigned to final rest, is one of the most beautiful in the vicinity of the quiet town to which he oft times said he hoped to return as an "ordinary citizen."

Situated at almost the exact center of the shady expanse of the old burial ground, the Harding family plat, where a President of the United States will resume his place among the kindly folk he knew and loved as neighbors, lies cupped in a tiny valley.

Two giant elms cast deep shadows over slabs of granite which mark the resting place of the President's mother and of his sister, Mary Clarisia, and only a few steps away a gleaming gravel roadway winds through a perfect archway of foliage fashioned by the interlocking branches of virgin elms.

To the rear where the tiny depression levels itself out, stretches a quiet vista of generally rolling grass land dotted here and there by the gray blot of a tombstone, all deepened into sombre tints by the shade of forest trees—a fitting background for the shrine of a dead President.

It will be to lie down in a peaceful valley beside mother and sister, there to wait wife, father, brother, sisters, friends, neighbors, all who made up life with him. It will be to lie down among the lilies, the roses and the white hawthorn.

While the nation mourns, Marion stretches forth her arms in grief to receive unto her bosom again her loved one and the nation's President.

As she proudly stretched forth her hands only a few months since and said to the country, "You may have him," now she stands majestically, but in sorrow, reaching forth the same hands and whispering, "Give him back to us; he is ours."

Though the man that went away as Marion rejoiced, is the man that soon is to return as Marion sorrows, there is still that joy that he is her son and that henceforth nothing will tear him again from her bosom as he is returning for the "sleep which knows no waking."

Rich Germans Dine While Poor Look On

Many Americans visiting the larger cities of Germany, say, "but why, if these people are starving, are the cafes, the cabarets, the theaters, all places of amusement so full? And full of well-dressed people, eating good food and drinking good wine."

Well, one answer is that people who starve, do not ordinarily patronize such places. They stand outside, gazing enviously in, sometimes angrily. For the entertainment of an evening usually costs a sum of money ample enough to meet the needs of a family of five for a week.

But who goes to these good places? "Auslanders"—mostly Americans—the German "schiebers" or profiteers, the young man about to prove his love by spending his week's "loan" or salary, or the young man about to buy a young lady's love with his week's stipend.

NATION'S CHIEF IS STRICKEN IN SAN FRANCISCO

Apoplexy Snuffs Out Life of Warren G. Harding Without Warning While Recovering From Illness.

Warren G. Harding is dead and the nation of which he was the leader mourns.

In the early hours of the evening of August 2, after a day which brought renewed hope of recovery, death came suddenly and struck down the President of the United States with a stroke of apoplexy.

The end came instantaneously and without even a second of warning at 7:30 o'clock. There was no time to summon additional physicians, no time to call the members of his official family and no time for medical skill to exercise its knowledge. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye, and it left a nation and the world shocked and in grief.

Mrs. Harding, the constant companion of her distinguished husband, was faithful until the end. She was reading to him a few minutes before 7:30 o'clock, when she noticed a shudder run through the frame of the man she had loved, encouraged in adversity and praised in success. Before she could arise from her chair, Mr. Harding collapsed in his bed, and she rushed to the door calling for the physicians to come quickly.

Brigadier General Sawyer, chief of the staff of physicians, who had been attending the chief executive, who also was in the room, and the two nurses also present, Ruth Powderly and Miss Sue Dausser, did all they could, but their efforts were futile.

The President had fought and won one victory against disease, but it appeared in a more insidious form and he lost the battle.

Greatest Shock to Wife.

Great as was the shock to all who dwelt under the American flag and to peoples in many lands, for Mr. Harding by virtue of his office, his kindly and his lovable personality had become a world figure, the greatest shock came to his wife, reading by his side, but she did not collapse.

"She was shocked of course, and at first unable to realize that she had lost her husband who had made up all the interest in her life for so many proud and happy years," said General Sawyer later. "But there was no collapse, no hysteria. Just a brave rally to face her sorrows and the duties devolving upon her at this hour."

The five physicians who attended the President were united in their decisions as to the cause of the death. In a statement signed by all of them they declared it was due to "apoplexy or a rupture of blood vessels in the axis of the brain near the respiratory center."

The statement emphasized that death from such a cause might have occurred at any time after recovery from the acute illness the President had suffered for a week. The statement showed conclusively that the physicians, as well as everyone else, believed up to the minute the executive was subjected to the apoplectic attack that he was on the road to recovery.

Three hours before the end came the most optimistic bulletin issued since the President was taken ill, was made public. It said that he had spent the "most comfortable day since his illness began." The bulletin was timed at 4:30 P. M.

"The evidences of infection are subsiding, but he has been left in a very weakened condition by the battle he made," the bulletin added. "This afternoon the temperature is remaining normal with the pulse rate around 100 and the respirations averaging about 30. Other factors remain the same."

The bulletin was so optimistic that there was a general letting down in the watchfulness that has attended the President's illness. Members of the cabinet and their wives, the personnel of the executive staff and many newspapermen went out to dinners where most of the talk was of when the trip back to Washington would be started. At no time since the President was brought to San Francisco Sunday morning was the vicinity of the presidential suite as deserted as it was about 7 o'clock that night.

Outside the suite the usual secret service men stood guard—they were also discussing when they would get back to Washington—and down the corridor a little handfull of newspaper men were gathered.

Mrs. Harding, General Sawyer and the two nurses, however, had not stopped their watchfulness.

Mrs. Harding was reading to the President an article entitled "A Review of Calm Men," written by Samuel G. Blythe, a noted political writer, and published in a current magazine. It described the man to whom she was reading and he was interested in it. She paused in her reading and glanced up. He raised his hand and said:

"That's good. Go on. Read some more."

"These were the last words he

In an instant a shudder shook his frame, his hand dropped and he collapsed.

Mrs. Harding was at the door instantly and called:

"Find Boone and the others. Quick."

Hasty Search Made for Doctor.

One of the secret service men rushed down the corridor searching for Dr. Boone, while General Sawyer worked desperately within the room, applying restoratives. Dr. Boone could not be found on the eighth floor and messengers were sent out. He was found and came in almost running at 7:37 o'clock. Several others had gone into the room in the meantime, and those that came out were plainly greatly distressed.

One of these was Secretary Hoover, whose face was blanched and his eyes dim. All he could say to newspaper men was that there would be a statement soon. At 7:45 o'clock it was announced that there would be a formal statement within a few minutes and at 75:1 o'clock it was issued. It said:

"The President died instantaneously and without warning while conversing with members of his family at 7:30. Death was apparently due to some brain evolvement, probably apoplexy.

"During the day he had been free from discomfort and there was every justification for anticipating a prompt recovery. (Signed)

"C. E. SAWYER, M. D.
"RAY LIMAN WILBUR, M. D.
"C. M. COOPER, M. D.
"J. T. BOONE, M. D.
"HUBERT WORK, M. D."

This was followed by a second bulletin which made the flat announcement that death was due to apoplexy and that Mrs. Harding, General Sawyer and the nurses were in the room at the time.

The detailed statement by the physicians described the changes in the President's physical condition dating from last Spring when the President, following a long period of overwork and great strain, was confined to his bed with an attack of influenza. This attack was more serious than the general public ever realized, and its effects had not been entirely dissipated when the present trip was started in June, despite the five weeks' vacation spent in Florida and Georgia in March and early April.

Suffered Abdominal Attacks.

The President, it was revealed, had been subject to some attacks of abdominal trouble and indigestion and for some time there had been evidence of arterio sclerosis, enlargement of the heart and defective action of the kidneys. The statement then recited that the executive had suffered an acute gastro-intestinal attack associated with abdominal pain and fever on the return trip from Alaska and told how he had insisted on going through with his program in Vancouver, B. C., and at Seattle, a week ago. The statement then told of the cancellation of the proposed trip into the Yosemite, of his arrival here Sunday morning and traced his varying condition during the week.

The statement: "Last Spring following a long period of overwork and great strain, President Harding was confined to his bed with an attack of influenza which was followed by a few nocturnal attacks of labored breathing. His recovery was slow and he had not fully regained his normal strength and health when he started out on the trip to Alaska. He had also had some attacks of abdominal pain and indigestion and at times he had some pains associated with a feeling of oppression in the chest."

High Blood Pressure.

"For some years his systolic

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HARKING BACK TO OLD DAYS SPENT WITH WARREN HARDING

BY JACK WARWICK

THEY'RE BRINGING a friend of mine, a friend of long-standing, from Washington to Ohio, to the home folks at Marion—to bury him.

My friend was President of the United States for two years and five months. But it is not of that these lines are written. The record he made in Washington is history. The people of the republic have appraised him as an American. The people of other nations have measured him as a citizen of the world. It is outside the office of a clumsy pen to add to the beauty of the tributes that have been paid to Warren Harding. But with the passing of "my old pal"—the phrase was his—with his going there comes a surge of insistent memories that will not be denied some sort of recognition.

What manner of man was my friend?

Will it answer to say the highest honor the American people had to give to one of their own could not blind him to faces he had met in the common byways of life? My friend was of a steadfast heart. He would reach out over the shoulders of the crowd for the hand of one he knew. The clamor of a million hostile voices could never turn him from the friends in whom he had established his faith.

Never Assumed False Poses.

Warren Harding had great respect for the dignity that goes with the office of President. He was dignified, but his was the dignity of the highest type of American democracy. Neither power nor circumstance could destroy his fine sense of comradeship, his cordiality, or the spiritual simplicity of his soul.

My friend never posed for what he was not. There were some features of the presidential campaign that did not appeal to him. In June, before the dedication of the Front Porch, he wrote me from Washington. From that letter this paragraph is quoted:

"Some time during the Summer I hope you will have opportunity to come to Marion and drop in for a visit. I have read so much about myself lately which is purely a matter of imaginative creation that it will be a joy to meet an old friend who can persuade me that I am really what I am."

There is in that paragraph the same sense of humor that used to help us through the uncertain days in the old Star office. We could thunder in an editorial and then get a smile out of our attempt at seriousness. As an editor, my friend never felt that he was carrying the weight of the universe on his shoulders.

The Old Boyhood Home.

Caledonia, nine miles from Marion, was the boyhood home of Warren Harding. It was there he spent his years from 6 to 16. Through those ten years we were chums. It was there we first dreamed of newspaper work. I recall that it was in Dr. Harding's office that we clipped articles from newspapers and magazines, to be used in the great day to come as "copy."

In Caledonia, near the tracks of the Big Four railroad, there was erected early in the 1920 [illegible] on a big bulletin board bearing this inscription:

CALEDONIA
Harding's Boyhood Home
We Produce Men
Chamber of Commerce

In the campaign the Republican nominee for President was the pride of nine-tenths of the residents of the little town.

He is now their sorrow.

That bulletin board still stands. The storms of three years have beaten about it, the lettering is dim and almost illegible, but the little town's pride in her boy has not been obliterated.

"Warren Will Do What Is Right."

A year ago I took pains to ask many residents of the village what they thought of their President, their boy. The town's blacksmith, standing by the forge that had burned and browned him, spoke the words that expressed practically the sentiment of the town: "Warren will do what is right." That was the faith of the bulletin board made vocal.

If you ask me, who played with this Caledonia lad, went to school with him, went swimming with him, raced ponies with him, blew a horn in the same band with him, slept with him and dreamed dreams with him—if you ask me what manner of boy my friend was, I answer, "Normal." And that means he was companionable, industrious and fun-loving.

If you ask me, who worked twenty years in the Marion Star office with him, what kind of young man my friend was, I say he was a good comrade, kindly, unselfish, ambitious, cheerful even under discouragements, thoughtful of everybody [illegible] the dam breaks; and [illegible]

[illegible] him. He could come nearer than any man I knew to practicing the Golden Rule, which was among the last texts from which he preached to the world.

His Love of Mother.

Warren Harding's love of his mother was one of the sweetest things in my memory of him. There was in it the sublimity of a great poem. In a letter I received from him, written only a few days after the death of that wholesome Christian woman he said:

"You will understand me when I write that I can have no other heritage so precious as the memory of her."

My friend was not the manner of man to forget the folks back home when he got to Washington. The world knows that. Let me quote from another letter, which shows the folksy cordiality of the late occupant of the White House:

"My dear Jack:

"It just occurs to me that you ought to run down to Washington and make yourself familiar with the National Capital. It is a wonderfully interesting city. If you will run down for your vacation period I will furnish you a bed and a meal ticket and a lot of us here can do our part toward seeing you have a good time. . . . Of course, you will bring Mrs. Warwick along. If this suggestion had any touch of formality in it Mrs. Harding would join me in such expression as I am asking."

God has created in every human soul a reservoir of emotions. We go our way secure in the thought that the reservoir is safe, that it will hold. But there comes a day [illegible]

Home Folks Mourn Passing of Neighbor

From Marion, Mrs. Harding received the following message signed "The Home Folks."

"It seems impossible that our big, generous-hearted neighbor and friend has gone. This community, this country and the world has lost the one man most needed today. The world has learned to understand and love him as we always have.

"We are grieving with you and pray God will give you strength."

WHEAT GROWERS FACE THE ISSUE

Kansas Planters Agree to Diversify Farming as One Remedy.

Strong endorsement of the policies of the Wheat Producers' conference of the Southwest was given by Governor Dawe, executive vice president of the Wheat Council of the United States, in his report made public after attending as a delegate the organization of the southwestern conference in Wichita, July 16. Acreage curtailment co-operative agreement by the conference promises to clear away the major portion of the surplus wheat acreage immediately, he declared, so that if the wheat growers of the rest of the country do likewise the wheat industry could go into 1924 on a sound basis and with an expectation of prosperity.

"The six states in the southwestern conference, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Colorado, Texas and Oklahoma, contain 8,236,000 acres of wheat more than the acreage of 1913," said Mr. Dawe. "This is eight-elevenths of the excess acreage over 1913 of the whole United States. If binding details of the co-operative curtailment agreement are worked out by the southwestern conference and put into effect this Fall, the problem of wheat surplus for 1924 can be a long way toward practical settlement before snow flies."

"The majority of the wheat growers in the conference were faced with absolute ruin," he said. "Yet in the face of disaster not a word of complaint was uttered. There was no denunciation of grain exchanges and not a word was said about using political power to force the government to fix a price for wheat. These men, confronted by ruin, said 'we will organize to keep before every farmer in these six states the advantages of reducing wheat acreage, improving our cultural methods and increasing our co-operative marketing.'

"These sane men who met in Wichita did not waste any time talking about market manipulation. They knew the truth, that the world wheat price is settled in the Liverpool world market. They knew that we exported last year three times as much wheat as we exported in 1913. They also knew that while the United Kingdom was our biggest customer it only bought 13 per cent of its wheat from us and 85 per cent from Argentina, Australia and Canada.

"The southwestern wheat conference faced the fact that the foreign market for American wheat is going to be dead, because of increased world production, unless we sell our wheat in the foreign market at a loss. The only profitable market for American wheat is the home market.

"The Wheat Producers conference of the southwest has declared for exactly the same policies that the Wheat Council of the United States stands for and we will co-operate with the conference in every way that we can be of service to it."

Paderewski Receives Welcome in France

Ignace Jan Paderewski, the famous Polish pianist and composer, received one of the heartiest welcomes accorded him since his return to the concert stage when he appeared before a Paris audience recently. Thousands of people thronged to see him pass on his way to the theater, and he was again besieged when the concert, a benefit affair, was concluded.

The newspapers also mentioned the fact that on the day of his first concert, Paderewski drove to the theater box office and purchased nearly 100 seats at regular prices, which he distributed among his friends.

To Pilot Destiny of U. S.

Calvin Coolidge

NEW PRESIDENT OF U. S. DEVOTES LIFE TO SERVING PUBLIC

Calvin Coolidge, thirtieth President of the United States, has devoted his life to public service since his graduation from Amherst college in 1895.

He is a veteran of many political battles in his home state, Massachusetts, and during the 20 years of his political life has held various offices. He attracted nation-wide attention during his campaign for "law and order," on which he was elected governor. He was elected vice president on the Republican ticket with Mr. Harding in 1920.

Mr. Coolidge was born on Independence day, 1872, in Plymouth, a remote country village in the hills of Vermont, the son of John C. and Victoria J. (Moor) Coolidge. Descended from John and Mary Coolidge, who had settled in Watertown, Mass., about 1630, his ancestry runs through a long line of farmers who lived in Massachusetts until the President's great-great-grandfather moved from Lancaster into Vermont. Here the Coolidge family through generations tilled the soil, raised live stock, produced maple syrup and sugar, and were among the persons of influence in their community.

Reared on Farm.

To him in boyhood came the usual experience of a country boy living on a lonely farm, the son of the village store keeper. Here was born in him the industry, frugality and self-reliance which became notable in later years. His mother died when he was 13, and four years later he lost his only sister, but there was always deep affection and a warm bond of sympathy between him and his step mother.

After attending the ungraded country school in Plymouth, the President continued his studies at Black River academy in Ludlow, and later went to the academy at St. Johnsbury. From there he went to Amherst college, where his career was marked with persistency and frugality. He paid $3 a week for his board because he could not find a cheaper lodging house. He was a keen student and a great reader of books, especially those on history and government. Only in a modest way did he enter into college activities. He took no active part in sports.

In his senior year, in open competition with students in all American colleges, he won first prize for the best essay on the causes of the revolutionary war.

Studied in Law Office.

In 1895 he graduated and not having enough money to go to law school he obtained employment in the office of Judge Hammond, one of the leading lawyers of the state. There he devoted his attention assiduously to the study of law with the result that in 20 months he was admitted to the bar. He has continued since then to practice law in Northhampton.

On Oct. 4, 1905, he married Miss Grace A. Goodhue, of Burlington, Vt., making a home for his bride in a two family apartment house which they still occupy in Northhampton. He has two sons, John and Calvin, Jr.

In 1899 Mr. Coolidge was a member of the Northhampton city council, and in 1900 and 1901 was city solicitor. In 1904 he was appointed county clerk but declined the nomination to succeed himself. In 1907 and 1908 he served Northhampton as its representative to the general court, and in 1910 and 1911 was mayor of the city. He was elected state senator in 1912.

He was elected state senator in 1912 and served in that capacity during the three following years, being president of the state senate in 1914 and 1915. A 42-word acceptance speech he made when re-elected president of the senate became a classic in Masachusetts state craft.

Phrases Express Creed.

In this and in the speech of acceptance the preceding year he used two phrases which his friends regard as his creed "do the day's work" and "be brief."

In 1916 he became lieutenant governor of Massachusetts and was nominated by the Republicans for governor in 1917 and elected by 17,000 votes. Under the now famous slogan of "law and order" growing out of the Boston police strike, he was re-elected governor in 1919 by more than 125,000, receiving the largest vote ever given a candidate for governor in that state.

It was his stand as governor during the police strike that won him nation-wide recognition. When this crisis developed and responsibility for action passed to him after the failure of the municipal authorities to settle the trouble, he publicly branded the strike as a desertion of public duty and restored order by the use of state troops.

President Coolidge's belief in the philosophy of party government is based upon his reading of history and his conclusion that it is the most effective method of achieving the ideals of Democracy. He knows his Burke almost as well as his idol—Lincoln.

Studied Economic Questions.

He has made a special study also of economic questions and one of his notable accomplishments in Massachusetts was in connection with the reduction of taxation. He also was instrumental in having placed upon the statute books an anti-monopoly law, and he materially assisted in a codifying of the state banking laws. In physique the new President is spare but enjoys vigorous health. His hair is auburn, his nose prominent, his eye gray, his lips thin and his manner dignified and reserved. He has only one hobby and that is study. He devotes all his spare time to reading works on law, government and history. Although a member of the governing board and a regular attendant when at home of the Congregational church of Northampton, he is not a communicant. He has never joined a fraternal society.

FARMER ENLISTS ALLY WITH STING

Million Tiny Insects Are Recruited by Federal Bureau of Entomology.

With the release of 1,000,000 tiny wasps, termed habrobracons, in the vicinity of Boston, experts of the Bureau of Entomology hope they have set in motion an agency that will result in the destruction of the corn borer and the saving of millions of dollars to farmers. The success of the experiment, entomologists says, will not be determined until observations have extended over a period of years.

Imported from France, in which country and in Italy the habrobracon has proved a relentless enemy of the corn borer, four colonies of the insects were bred at the government laboratories in Arlington.

The corn borer itself is an imported species, having come to America in shipments of European broom corn. Its ravages first attracted attention in 1917 in Eastern Massachusetts. Since that time it has worked steadily westward. Last year the borer caused damage estimated at $1,000,000 in this state alone. The corn borer, which in appearance resembles a caterpillar, not only attacks corn but inflicts injury upon crops of beets, celery, beans, rhubarb, potatoes, peppers, buckwheat and clover. Investigators have found the borer guilty of damaging 211 varieties of plants.

The habrobracon is said to injure no crop, confining its attacks to the borer, the gypsy and brown tail moths. The wasps are small, with bodies about the size of the head of a pin. The female wasp attaches itself to the corn borer and lays its eggs on it. These, when they develop, at first paralyze and later kill the borer.

NATION'S CHIEF IS STRICKEN IN SAN FRANCISCO

Continued From Page One

blood pressure had ranged around 180 and there was evidence of some arterial sclerosis, enlargement of the heart and defective action of the kidneys. Except for fatigue and the fact that his heart and blood vessels were some years older than the rest of his body, he was in reasonably good health.

"On the return trip from Alaska he had an acute gastro-intestinal attack associated with abdominal pain and fever. In spite of his illness he insisted on putting through his program of speaking in Vancouver and Seattle. He had considerable difficulty in completing his addresses in Seattle because of weakness and pain. Because of this he was persuaded to come directly to San Francisco and arrived at the Palace hotel Sunday morning, July 29. He dressed and walked to the automobile from the train.

"Sunday evening a consultation was called because his temperature had risen to 102 and his pulse and respirations were abnormally rapid. The abdominal difficulty had by this time become localized in the gall bladder region, but there was a general toxemia with fever and leucocytosis. A central bronchopneumonia soon developed on the left side. It was accompanied by short circulatory collapses with cold sweats and an irregular pulse; most disturbing of all was the rapid and irregular breathing suggestive of arterio-sclerosis of the brain vessels in the region of the respiratory center.

"Under treatment marked improvement in the pneumonia and circulatory disturbances took place and Thursday, August 2, he was free from fever and pain and the acute lung condition was practically gone. He was resting comfortably in bed and conversing with Mrs. Harding and General Sawyer when he died instantaneously without a word or a groan.

Diners Hear News.

About a score of members of the presidential party, guests at a dinner given by Representative Julius Kahn, chairman of the house military affairs committee, received the bad news by telephone and were shocked by the suddenness of the end. Mr. Kahn said:

"We are so stunned that it is practically impossible to talk."

Representative Charles F. Curry of California, who was one of the first to reach the presidential suite, said:

"President Harding's passing will be not only a national but an international calamity. * * *. We pray God his successor will carry out his policies."

Few large crowds ever left a building more quietly or more quickly than did the assemblage of diners and dancers who were in the Palace hotel when President Harding died on the eighth floor of that building Thursday night.

An orchestra was playing and hundreds were dancing in the Rose Bowl room when an assistant manager entered and held up his hand. The music stopped.

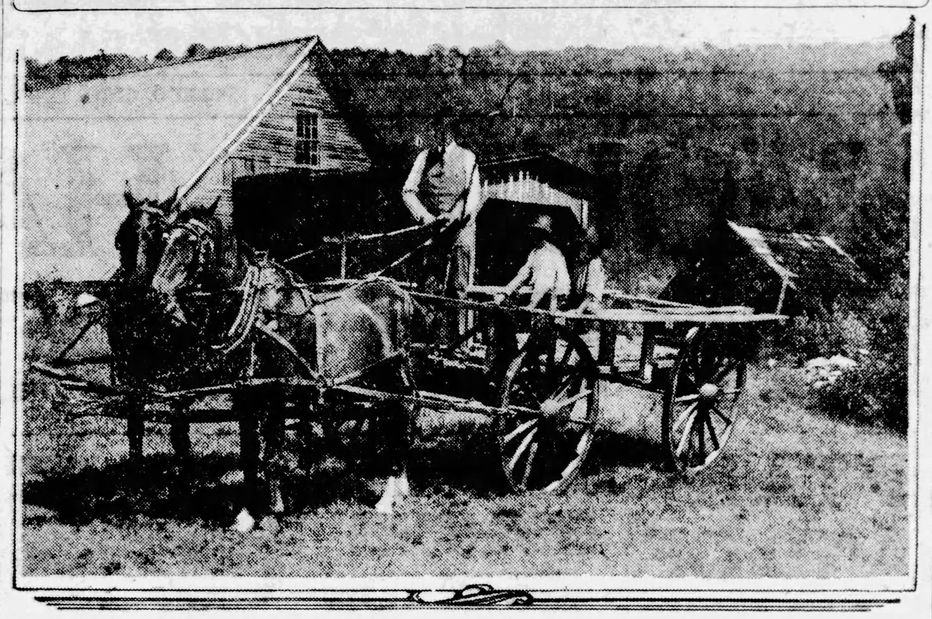
"Ladies and gentlemen," said the hotel official, "it is my very sad duty to inform you that the President of the United States has just passed away."

The dancers, almost in silence, sought their wraps and departed.

An equally dramatic scene was enacted in the hotel lobby, which was crowded with those going to or leaving the dining rooms or the dance floor. Chief of Police O'Brien, who had remained in the hotel since early in the week to be available in case of need, walked out of an elevator which had just carried him from the presidential suite, and, with dimmed eyes asked the crowd to disperse.

"I ask you to go home," he said. "It is, God knows, only a small favor to ask of you."

Why Worry About Farm Help When He's Around?



When President Coolidge's father's hired man quit the Coolidge farm at Plymouth, Vermont, two or three days ago, Calvin Coolidge, then vice president, climbed up on the hay-wagon to help get the hay in the barn before rain came. Though of slender frame, President Coolidge can keep abreast with any New England tiller of soil. The President was brought up on the farm, as he comes of a long line of agriculturists.

PRESIDENT REVIEWS TRIUMPHS AND AGAIN URGES WORLD COURT

While President Harding was going trough the early hours of what was believed would be his recovery, Secretary George B. Christian made public last week the address which President Harding was to have delivered in San Francisco at the Civic Auditorium. Accomplishments of the administration in the international field are dealt with.

Secretary Christian's statement announcing the President's decision from his sick bed to release the address, is as follows:

"The President before leaving Washington and on his journey to Alaska prepared speeches dealing with the fundamental questions of policy and performance on the part of the administration. Most of those have been delivered. One was prepared to be delivered in San Francisco, Tuesday, July 31, and advance copies of that, like the others, were furnished the press, awaiting release upon delivery.

Carefully Considered.

"The San Francisco speech was to deal with foreign relations, and was a carefully considered and carefully prepared document. But for his illness, the President would have delivered the speech according to schedule; but that being prevented, he feels that it should go to the public through the medium of the press and for the information and consideration of the people. Therefore, he has directed that the speech be released."

"With becoming dignity we have maintained our rights; we have yielded willingly to the rights of others, and we dwell in cherished and unthreatened peace," the President said after enumerating the achievements of the last two and a half years, including the conclusion of peace with Germany, Austria and Hungary, the arms conference and the British debt settlement.

Two pending international questions were discussed by the chief executive. With respect to one the recognition of Russia—he said: "International good faith forbids any sort of sanction of the Bolshevist policy." The other question concerned relations with Mexico and in discussing it Mr. Harding said that he earnestly hoped the American commission now in Mexico City would achieve "definite and favorable results."

Should Help Others.

Having in the last two and a half years, as he said, "strengthened our friendly relationships and done much to promote peace in the world," the United States, he maintained, should now do its part to bring the blessings of peace and absence of fear of war to the other nations of the world.

"Nations ought no more need resort to force in the settlement of their disputes or differences than do men in this enlightened day," he asserted. "Out of this conviction, out of my belief in a penitent world craving for the agencies of peace, out of the inevitable presidential contact with the word war havoc and devastation and the measureless sorrow which attended and has followed, I would be insensible to duty and violate all the sentiments of my heart and all my convictions if I failed to urge American support of the permanent court of international justice.

"I do not know that such a court will be unfailing in the avoidance of war, but I know it is a step in the right direction and will prove an advance toward international peace for which the conscience of mankind is calling."

Critics Are Answered.

Evidently having in mind published statements by members of the senate and others, criticising his St. Louis address in which he proposed a reconstruction of the creative machinery of the court, the President said:

"My own sincerity of purpose has been questioned because I do not insist that we shall accept the existing world court precisely as provided. Personally I would vastly prefer the policy of submitting all controversies in which we are concerned to the court as it sits today, as against any other agency of settlement yet devised. As President, speaking for the United States, I am more interested in adherence to such a tribunal in the best form obtainable than I am concerned about the triumph of presidential insistence. The big thing is the firm establishment of the court and our cordial adherence thereto. All else is mere detail."

Prefacing his review of international achievements with the declaration that "when the present national administration came into responsibility, world affairs were in a complicated and very difficult posture," the President said four main tasks were undertaken as follows:

"First, the re-establishment of peace with the Central Powers and the orderly settlement of those important after-problems of the war which directly involved the United States, the

measure the work of the conference, contrast the present opinion as to the peace in the East with the view which was widely entertained and frequently expressed before the conference was held. The mists, which had the forebodings of war clouds, have been dispelled."

Mr. Harding also pointed to the good offices performed by American representatives at Lausanne, asserting that although "cynical critics sneered at our 'unofficial' representatives he firmly believed that American influence at Lausanne played a becoming part, and an influential part, in making for peace, when all the world stood in apprehension of an armed conflagration."

Agreements Listed.

Turning to Latin-America, the chief executive reviewed a long list of victories in statecraft and evidences of good will toward the United States. He included the agreement by Costa Rica and Panama at the behest of the United States to accept an abritral award in their boundary dispute; economic recovery in Cuba and establishment of provisional government in the Dominican republic; restoration of peace and order in Haiti; settlement of the old Tacna-Arica dispute by Chile and Peru through the friendly offices of the United States; the recent Central American conference, and the recent fifth international conference of American states at Santiago, Chile.

"Our feeling toward the Mexican people is one of entire and very cordial friendliness, and we have deeply regretted the necessity for the continued suspension of diplomatic relations," said the President, in his reference to Mexico. "We have no hatred toward Mexico; no selfish ends to serve at her expense. We have no promptings other than those of neighborly friendship. We have no desire to interfere in the internal concerns of Mexico. We respect in the Mexican people the same rights of self-determination which we exact for ourselves.

Mexico Own Judge.

"It is not for us to suggest what laws she shall have relating to the future for we willingly acclaim Mexico as the judge of her own domestic policy. We do, however, maintain one clear principle which lies at the foundation of all international intercourse. When a nation has invited intercourse with other nations and has enacted laws under which investments have been legally made, contracts entered into and property rights acquired by citizens of other jurisdictions, it is an essential condition of international intercourse that lawful obligations shall be met, and there shall be no resort to confiscation and repudiation.

"We are not insistent on the form of any particular assurance against confiscation, but we do desire the substance of such protection. * * * Such assurance is in the interest of permanent friendly relations. We have sought to have this wholly defensible attitude understood by our Mexican neighbors ever since the present administration came into power.

Favorable Results Hoped For.

"I am happy to say that we now have our commissioners in conference at Mexico City and it is earnestly hoped that there may be definite and favorable results from their ex[illegible] views with the Mexican commissioners. We crave not only [illegible] relationship, but we wish it to be founded upon an understand[illegible] will guarantee its permanence. Upon such an understanding we may jointly promote the most neighborly friendships which shall be to the mutual advantage of the two republics."

Pays Tribute to Hughes.

"The eminent success and the far-reaching achievements must have their ultimate appraisal by American public opinion," the executive added, "but I submit them with unrestrained pride and sincere tribute to the historic service of a great secretary of state."

Mr. Harding then proceeded to the enunciation of international achievement, taking up first the negotiation of separate treaties of peace with the Central Powers which was necessary as "the peace negotiated by my distinguished predecessor, though he was impelled by lofty purposes, had evoked a bitter and undying controversy."

The negotiations resulted in treaties which established peace with those countries on an equitable basis, and at the same time preserve for the United States the rights embodied in the Paris treaties which we had acquired through participation in the common victories.

Next the executive listed the German treaty which provided for a mixed claims commission to determine American claims against Germany in connection with organization of which, he said, "the extraordinary tribute, unparalleled in international relationships was paid to the American sense of justice by the suggestion on the part of Germany that the United States appoint an American umpire."

Stability Assured.

The settlement of the British debt, the President asserted, was another accomplishment of importance, for Great Britain in undertaking the discharge of an obligation of more than four and a half billion dollars "put a fresh stamp of approval on the sacredness of international obligations" and the settlement itself gave "a new assurance of stability throughout the world."

Mr. Harding also mentioned the debt settlement virtually concluded with Finland, the negotiations pending with Czecho-Slovakia and the prospective discussions with Jugo-Slavia.

The successful settlement of the costs incurred for the maintenance of the American army on the Rhine, listed as another accomplishment, the President said, had "little about it all to make sentimental appeal but it is a gratifying record of sane business and the seemly assertion of our just rights."

Americans' Rights Guarded.

Important achievements also were brought about in connection with rights of Americans in mandated territories, the President asserted, adding as examples the conclusion of a treaty with Japan, securing American rights in all Pacific islands north of the equator over which Japan exercises its mandate; similar treaties with France and Belgium, and "negotiations now are in progress with Great Britain relating to the British mandated territories in Africa and we look with confidence to a satisfactory conclusion.

"The outstanding historical, monumental achievement is the Washington conference on the limitation of armaments," Mr. Harding said before passing to minor accomplishments. "Only a few days ago the government of France gave the ratification which makes unanimous the approval of the nations concerned, and confirms the dawn of a new era in international co-operation for world peace.

"The limitation of armament conference was significantly triumphant in two accomplishments. It relieved and limited the burdens and found a way to remove the causes of misunderstandings, which lead to war.

"The conference proved one of the greatest achievements in the history of international relations."

Treaties Enumerated.

The President enumerated the various treaties and agreements which grew out of the conference and then added

"Probably the most important results of this historical important conference are those which are unwritten and imponderable. I refer to the revelations of sentiment and purpose, the manifestations of good will and the vident thirst for better understanding. If you would

HAY FEVER
And Asthma TREATMENT sent any sufferer. Please state which you have. Will cures send $1.00. If not, don't. Write Frederick [illegible] Give express office. W. K. FREEMAN [illegible]

THRONGS MEET FUNERAL TRAIN

Continued From Page One

she said. "He was magnificent in life, but is more wonderful in death."

As the casket, covered by an American flag, topped with a wreath of California carnations, was gently rolled into the hearse, the chimes of St. Patrick's Catholic church, just a block distant, tolled "Nearer My God to Thee."

The bright array, which three branches of the service brought to the procession, was in sharp contrast with the garb of frock-coated statesmen who followed the hearse.

Flowers From Planes.

While the cortege passed through silent thousands to the station, California flowers, which had been gathered lavishly to invite the smiles of the man who loved them, were showered by airplanes from the skies, that his pathway into the beyond would be one of increased beauty and brightness.

Down on the platform beside the train, a little crowd awaited the coming of the President's body. Its members were also members of the President's own party on the westward trip, awaiting to begin their last journey with their chief, their leader and their friend. Opposite were passengers from a train four tracks away whose departure was delayed until the presidential special should have gone, so that the funeral train might have a clear track. Overhead airplanes from the army posts about San Fransisco bay circled, long streamers of mourning flying from their wings in token of official mourning. Clusters of roses, loving tribute to the dead, fluttered down from them as they passed above the train.

Then outside the muffled beat of drums was heard and through the archway could be seen the presidential escort drawing up in solemn array to pay the final honors accorded the departed commander-in-chief. More drums, more troops and sailors and marines passing, a band playing a dead march, the guard of honor, officers of the country's three services, each with sword hilts wrapped with crepe, took up its station in the archway.

General Pershing Enters.

A hush fell, John J. Pershing, general of the United States, trod solemnly to a post beside the train and stood erect. Admirals, generals and other officers of the army and navy marched in solemnity, heads erect but many faces drawn with emotion, and took their stations beside the train.

Then the casket, wrapped in the American flag, its occupant had served, and bearing on its top a wreath, was borne in on the shoulders of a stalwart group of men from all three of the country's armed services. Gently, deliberately, they laid it down upon the platform beside the car, stepped up on that grim rostrum and lifted it through the window. The glass was closed, the cortege broke up and all the solemn picture, with its background of grave faced men and black clad women, was ended.

There was not a face but portrayed a loss beyond bearing; there was not an eye but brimmed tears.

Then came Mrs. Harding. She was on the arm of George B. Christian, Jr., whose frock-coated shoulders were bent in grief as he led her to the steps.

They climbed up on the platform whence President Harding used to wave his hand so cheerily at the wayside crowds, both fumbled with the door catch an instant, then the black-clad figure stepped inside. Florence Harding was with her dead.

An instant later, Secretary Christian entered also.

Then, very slowly, very quietly, while all along the station platforms the crowds stood with bared heads and soldiers and sailors drew themselves up in salute, the train began to move. Far down the tracks where a great crowd had gathered outside the station to witness its departure the people stood hushed and bareheaded. The lights on the last car, the President's car, dwindled and grew dimmer in the distance, vanished as the train rounded a curve.

The President was gone.

Deaf Can Hear Says Science

New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say they much to expect you to believe this, so they are going to give you a chance to try it home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit, there is no obligation. They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. The object in making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deafness sufferers suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to the Dictograph Products Corporation, Suite 1305-S Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., New York, for descriptive literature and request blank.

Man 74 Years Old Is "Rejuvenated" in Three Weeks Without Gland Operation

Kansas Contractor Tells of Wonderful Results Obtained in Test of New Scientific Discovery.

THOMAS J. GLASCOCK.

Thomas J. Glascock, 74, well-known Kansas contractor, declares he has virtually been made young again by the recently discovered korex compound, which is pronounced superior to "gland treatments" as an invigorator and revitalizer.

"I feel like I did at 35," says Mr. Glascock, "and seem to be getting stronger every day. During my three weeks' use of the new discovery, pains and weaknesses of many years' standing disappeared almost magically. Today I am as vigorous and supple as I was in the prime of life. Furthermore, when I began using the compound, my memory was virtually gone and I was almost blind. Now my mind is clear and active and I can read the finest print without difficulty."

In order to find out whether the results were lasting, Mr. Glascock waited six months before reporting on his test of the discovery. On this point he says:

"Every passing day strengthens my conviction that my restoration is not only complete but permanent. I can't express the happiness this great discovery has brought to me. It has made me 'young' again."

Similar reports are being made almost daily. For instance, D. W. Wood of New Orleans, past 60 years of age, says: "The compound has brought me back to as good, healthy physical condition as I enjoyed at 35. I am apparently as supple as at 25 and my eyesight is better than for years. I would not take $5,000 for what the discovery has done for me."

The compound is a simple home treatment in tablet form, absolutely harmless, yet rated as the quickest and most powerful invigorator known. Acting directly on lower spinal nerve centers and certain glands and blood vessels, it often brings amazing benefits in 24 to 36 hours, according to thousands who have tested it.

"It is wonderful," writes a resident of Hollister, Cal. "In less than 24 hours you can feel it does the work. It makes one feel young as a young man. I am more than happy and glad I tried it." Another Californian says: "The compound is a world's wonder. I feel like I was about 25 and here I am nearly fifty!"

The compound has been tested in all parts of the country and has won the praises of thousands who suffered from nerve weakness, lost or depleted vigor, neurasthenia, premature age, impaired glandular activity and lack of animation and vital force. Its effects seem to be virtually the same on both young and old. Physicians say the principal active ingredient of the compound gives speedy satisfaction in obstinate cases that defy all other treatments. Elderly people pronounce the discovery a real "fountain of youth."

Realizing that thousands of enfeebled, half-alive folk may consider such news "too good to be true," the American distributors have agreed to supply a double-strength treatment of the discovery on a guaranteed trial basis to everyone in need of such a preparation. If you wish to test the compound under a money-back guarantee, write in strict confidence to the Melton Laboratories, 2133 Melton Building, Kansas City, Mo., for a two-dollar treatment of korex compound, mailed in a plain, sealed wrapper. You may enclose two dollars, or simply send your name, without money, and pay two dollars and postage on delivery, as you prefer. In either case, however, if you report within ten days that you are not satisfied, the laboratories will refund the purchase price upon request. These laboratories are nationally known and thoroughly reliable, so nobody need hesitate about accepting their guaranteed offer.

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RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

OLD AGE PENSIONS— What Do They Cost?

Rural Welfare editor has received several letters from our Blade readers in reference to old age pension laws and allowances.

There is a big discussion in many states in reference to old age pensions. Several state legislatures have debated this question. Many social organizations have gone on record in favor of same.

The sentiment is growing in its favor. Some day it will come. Personally we doubt the wisdom of such a law unless it is fully safeguarded against frauds. The more some folks are helped the more they want to be helped and the less they want to do for themselves.

Our fathers and grandfathers and mothers thought it their duty to be industrious and thrifty and earn and save so that in old age they would be independent and not dependent. Will old age pensions encourage spending habits? Will we care less to save and provide for a rainy day? Will we think that we will be taken care of no matter whether we work and save or not?

There are often deserving cases where charity should be extended. Some unforseen mishap or misfortune may wipe out the savings of a lifetime. We would not want to see such persons go to the poorhouse.

Shall those who work and save take care of those who loaf and spend and waste? How long would it be before we would have a million dependents on this pension list? Are taxes high enough now? Such laws would make taxes go higher.

The politician who wants votes may favor a law that will not cost him a cent but somebody else must pay the bill. Many states now have mothers' pension laws. Every state has fairly liberal laws to give charity where it is mostly needed.

It often happens that it is better for the poor person to have a chance to work than to give money to him or to her. The same is true of young folks. There is no better way for a child or young person to learn the value of money than to have to work and earn the dollar they spend for themselves and their own pleasure.

The Youth's Companion gives facts and figures as to the cost of old age pensions in Australia and Great Britain. We give the same to our Blade readers as follows:

"In Australia there are now 105,096 persons who receive old age pensions and 29,019 who receive invalid pensions. That means that each thousand of population about 26 are on the pension list. No one gets more than $195 a year, and the usual payment is about $10 less than that. The government is now paying £5,286,706 a year for both kinds of pensions and the expenses of administering them, or about $26,000,000. Our own population is about 20 times that of Australia. On the basis of the results observed there, an old age and invalid pension system would cost us at least half a billion dollars a year. Since 1910 the amount paid out in pensions in Australia has increased from £1,432,480 to £5,290,050.

"In Great Britain pensions are paid only to persons who earn or receive an income of less than about $250 a year. Last year the government paid about $130,000,000 in pensions for old age alone. Since 1908, when the system was begun, the annual expenditure has more than tripled. * * * It would cost the United States at the beginning from $300,000,000 to a billion a year, according to the liberality of the law; and if the maximum pension were more than $400 a year, it would cost more than a billion."

FARMERS TURNED DOWN— You Better Investigate.

Four years ago the farmers of Ontario broke loose from the old Conservative and Liberal parties and organized a party of their own under the name of "The United Farmers of Ontario."

The farmers won in the election. They took hold of the reins of government. They were all farmers. They elected no lawyer in their own party. They had to ask a lawyer of the Liberal party to be their attorney general. He accepted on his promise to enforce the prohibition laws.

In Canada, before anybody can hold an executive office he or she must first be elected to parliament, or, as we would call it, the legislature. In this way the home folks have to say that a person is O. K.

On June 26, 1923, there was a general election held in Ontario. The farmer government was on trial. It lost. The Conservative party won. The old party bosses were out of the pasture four years. They were hungry to get back. The farmers did not ruin the government. But they lost.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR— Quiet Talk With You.

In many places country doctors are scarce. Those who do stay in the country do not always get the encouragement they ought to have from folks they serve.

Many farmers and small town folks today want to rush to the city hospital or doctor as soon as they have need of medical attention or surgery. Here is a story printed in a farm paper and written by Dr. Jerrige, who seems to know what he is talking about. Read it twice:

"A common complaint is that rural sections get only boys fresh from medical college or old moss-backs. I have a rather wide acquaintance among country doctors, and I know many excellent physicians among them, though I admit that some of them are not beyond criticism.

"You folks who depend on country doctors can improve your stock. Give your doctor encouragement to buy books and do some additional study and post-graduate work. You can do this by paying your bills promptly and cheerfully and refraining from grumbling if the doctor does go off occasionally to go to a medical society meeting or take some extra hospital work.

"Give your doctor your full confidence in every case. Perhaps some special work is needed in your case for which he is not fully qualified. Do not slight him for that reason. The best city practitioners do not try to do all their work, but make great use of specialists. Give your doctor the same chance. Let him call a consultant or refer you to a good specialist, whichever seems best to him. You will be a lot better off than if you try to pick someone for yourself, and your home doctor will still have the run of your case. There are many things that the specialist might say to him that you may be pretty confident will never be revealed directly to you, and it is to your great advantage that the home man know them.

"Try to leave his evenings undisturbed so that he may have a little time for recreation and study. And if you expect to keep a really competent doctor to serve your community faithfully, do not expect that he will be 'cheap' in his services. If he is the man you want he will take care to be reasonable, but medical work in the country is worth just as much as it is in town.

"I think there will come a time when rural communities will maintain laboratories and emergency hospitals, making a complete health center available for the use of their own doctors, relieving them from the necessity of going to the city for everything."

CALIFORNIA ROADS— Repair Bill Runs High.

We have just read that the state of California has appropriated $18,500,000 for road repair for one year. This is a vast sum of money.

This is also a big surprise to California. It has spent large sums of money to build concrete roads. Folks were told that these roads were permanent and would need no repair.

The day of judgment has come. All roads wear out. They must be repaired. Every state is building roads. The improved mileage increases every year and must be taken care of.

Before we know it we will have an overhead charge of many million dollars every year upon us to take care of improved highways. It is a charge that is being made and must be paid.

After we invest hundreds of millions of dollars in roads we must protect the investment. We had better build the roads that are easiest to repair and maintain. Think it over.

California is the first state to have a rude awakening. The taxpayers are just finding out what the road hog robbers are doing to them by building the high cost roads. Headache.

THE STONE BUSINESS— Means Millions of Tons.

We read from a trade journal of standing that the stone business is one of the great industries of America.

If all the stone handled for different purposes in one year in the United States it would take 32,000 trains of 50 cars each and 50 tons to the car to haul the load.

This means a procession of trains over 15,000 miles long. The value of this volume of stone runs high into millions of dollars. Every year valuable stone deposits are being discovered that are worth much money. Every year new uses for stone are found. Today it is one of the most basic materials in the world. It has something to do with nearly everything we do and have.

CORN $1 A BUSHEL— Wheat Ninety Cents.

On the bulletin board of a southern Illinois elevator was posted this notice:

"Corn is $1 a bushel.
Wheat is 90 cents a bushel."

This was the first time such a sign was ever posted in that community. Wheat has always had the lead until now.

The sad part of it all was that there was a lot more bushels of wheat to be sold at 90 cents than there were corn bushels to be sold at $1 a bushel.

Somebody seems to know how to handle market prices so that the good price always comes when the crop for market is mighty scarce.

The wheat grower gets the jolt. Wheat growing belt congressmen and senators will ask for some plan of governmental relief when the new congress meets in Washington the first Monday in December, 1923.

Which of these three plans would you prefer as being the best way to help the wheat farmer, or would you favor either of the three:

1. Government aid.
2. Co-operative marketing.
3. Reduction of production.

President Harding some months ago made a plea for ship subsidy to help ship owners to make a profit.

The railroads have a law that guarantees them a neat net profit on their investment. The office holder is sure of his salary. The wage earner has first lien for his pay.

A lot of folks have better insurance of pay and profit than the farmer has, and yet we are not sure that it is good policy for Uncle Sam to be handing out special favors to any man or set of men.

THE STOP-OVER PLACE— Instead of Home.

Since auto joyriding is the universal disease and pastime how many folks do you know who make home just a stopover place between rides and movies?

What will be the future effect on our children when they are the grownups? Can we safely neglect home life and still preserve our Christian ideals and national safety?

That old-time family circle was very much of the safety-first stuff that the world needs more of today. Think it over.

NO EXTRA SESSION— Congress Will Not Meet.

Some of the western wheat growing states want President Harding to call congress in extra session to provide some relief for farmers of the nation and to make a better price for wheat.

The President will not call congress. He doubts whether it could do any good at this time. The most of congress is either in Europe on a sight seeing tour or on the Chautauqua platform making good wages.

The price of wheat is raising hell with politics. The farmer is getting mad. He has stool about all he can stand or will stand. He is paying 12 cents a pound for sugar in canning time while he is compelled to sell wheat at less than one and one-half cents a pound.

The tariff makes sugar rich and wheat poor. The farmers wonder why they have to work long hours and make the least wages of any class of working people in America, while at the same time they have the most money invested in their business.

The day of judgment will come at the polls. The farmer has been the goat a long time. The worm may turn. From now on the farmer is likely to be on his own side with the ballot as his weapon.

Short Time Farm Loans. THE NEW CREDIT BANK—

Yes, Rural Welfare editor is a director in one of the new Intermediate Farm Credit banks. Headquarters at Louisville, Ky., in the same offices with the Federal Land bank.

Some of the bankers are kicking about this new credit bank, the same as they did about the Federal Land bank when it started. The bankers got over their land bank grouch and in due time they will get over this last complaint they are making.

The Farm Credit bank will loan money on farm crops that are properly pooled and registered in bonded warehouses, or through a local home bank endorsing the notes of the farmer.

This credit bank expects to work through the home bank and help it to take care of the farmers in its community. The Farm Credit bank charges the home bank 5½ per cent and the local bank can charge the farmer 7 per cent and no more, and as much less as he likes.

So far farmers do not seem to understand the workings of this new credit bank. Those who want information should ask the county agent or postmaster where your Federal Land bank is located, and then write to it for printed information.

There are just as many credit banks as there are land banks, and located in the same place. Twelve districts and 12 banks. One for each district.

FORTUNE TELLING HIT— New York Does Right.

News dispatches state that New York state has enacted a law to stop fake fortune telling. This is the right step to take. This nuisance can be seen on many county fair fair grounds.

Many a maiden has had her head filled with nonsense that has brought regrets to her and to her parents. The same is true of the boy.

Even older folks have made fools of themselves about this money grabbing fortune telling business. Husband and wife have parted because of this cheap stuff.

New York has set a good example for other states to follow. Our readers should encourage the movement. Do it now.

CORN EQUALS WHEAT— What Is the Story?

Market reports that in many markets corn prices per bushel equals the price of wheat. What will hog and cattle feeders think of this unusual condition? What effect will it have on prices of hogs and cattle in the selling from the farm?

On the face of it there would seem to be higher prices ahead for meat animals on foot. There is no surplus of corn. There is a big surplus of wheat. There is a prospect of a big corn yield this year.

There is always danger of early frost hurting the corn, but as a rule the farmer gets home from third on his corn crop. In many places corn was late in getting started. If we can have some good September weather there will be a boomer corn crop this year.

While we have some headache on wheat prices there is always a rift in the clouds and we get by with our troubles in the long run.

DO YOU KNOW HIM— Bill Had a Punch.

Here is a story about a boy we like, although we never saw just this particular lad. We know that he is made of the right kind of stuff.

We are glad he licked the smart Aleck. The country greenhorn often gets home from third. The lad who likes his mother suits us.

Here's the tale:

"When William went away to school he kissed his mother's cheek; he wrung his father's hand and said: 'I'll write you every week.' He felt a lump adown his throat and lonely, on the train, he dropped a tear upon his vest, again and yet again. For Bill, he wasn't wordly wise, he didn't smoke a pipe and of the greenhorn from the farm he was a perfect type. The campus gang foregathered, to have some fun with Bill, to whom one sophomore referred as a 'lobster' and a 'pill.' He bore their jibes in patience till a soph in banal glee made reference to William's Ma, and his family tree. They gave the sophomore "first aid," as William went to lunch; though he was mother's fair-haired boy, Bill packed a wicked punch.—New York Telegram.

DO WE DIET RIGHT— What It Means to Health.

In several states pupils in school are examined by doctors to discover the condition of their health and to find any physical defects the child may have.

The number of children needing attention is a surprise in most schools. Often defects are found that parents were not aware of and many of which can be cured while the pupil is young if given right treatment.

In many pupils poor health is a result of improper food and balanced diet ofration. Investigation has shown that sometimes the live stock on the farm get more attention as to diet than do the children.

Here is a story along this line:

The doctor was holding a clinic examining children of school age. One youngster, aged six years, was under weight. The doctor began to make inquiries as to his diet, and the following dialogue took place:

"You don't drink milk?"

"Nope."

"Live on a farm and don't drink milk at all?"

"Nope, we ain't got hardly enough milk for the hogs."

THE CRASH CAME— The Suckers Were Caught.

Another big promotion company has failed. It had sold millions of dollars' worth of stocks and bonds. The suckers were good biters. They swallowed the 7 per cent bait. They took the money out of the home bank and poured it into the rat hole.

This company started in Ohio. It spread to other states. Million dollars was just a plaything. Farmers sold their farms to invest in the bonds of this promoting company.

Widows who got insurance money at the death of husbands were called upon by the smooth stock salesman, who persuaded them to invest in tax free bonds at a big per cent of interest income.

Those who inherited money were persuaded to buy this company's paper. Old soldiers and soldiers' widows, who had saved money for old age poured their money into this bottomless pit.

Big salaries were paid to the officers of this company. They used the money they got from new suckers to pay interest to the oldest suckers of their company. It was a sort of endless chain or perpetual motion plan—until the crash and day of judgment came.

Six years ago the editor of Rural Welfare was offered a fat salary to go with this company and help to induce suckers to bite. We have had many such offers. We have never had any desire to help such games along.

Some months ago an old lady reader of the Blade wrote to us and asked about this same company. She wanted our advice as to whether she would be safe to invest some of her life savings in stocks and bonds.

We wanted to be fair to any company that is doing an honest business with the public. We advised the fine old lady that so long as she kept her Liberty bonds they were good and would always be good. While they would not pay as big interest as these fancy bonds, but they would be sure. We did not advise her to buy the balloon bonds. We do not know whether she switched from government bonds to bonds by this company that has now gone into the hands of a receiver.

If she reads this story she will recall the letters we wrote to her. We hope she still has her Uncle Sam paper. We have given our Blade readers plenty of warning on this blue sky stuff.

Keep close to your home banker. The blue sky salesman tells you to stay away from your home bank, because he will pay you more interest than the bank. We have just gone through an epidemic of blue sky stuff. It has a hold on every state. Town as well as country folks have been 100-pounds suckers.

THREE FARM STORY— Is It in Your Section.

Here is the story of three farms as told in the Country Gentleman. The farms are in Georgia, but we believe the story will fit many communities. Read it and see if it hits anybody in your neighborhood or yourself.

Here it is:

"Near Chipley, Georgia, are three adjoining farms that have a very potent meaning for Southern agriculture. One has been abandoned as too poor and run down to justify working any longer. The second is nearing that stage, for it produces only about ten bushels of corn to the acre. But the third farm is yielding better than 50 bushels of corn and something like a bale of cotton to the acre, not to speak of valuable feed crops such as velvet beans and soy beans.

All three farms were in about the same state, five years ago. The change began when R. L. Hastey, owner of the one that is now producing profitably, grew tired of footing the losses incurred through Negro tenant farming with its high fertilizer bills and soil-destroying one-crop methods. He got rid of the tenants and himself set about building back the fertility of his farm. Winter legumes, crimson clover and hairy vetch particularly were made a part of the annual farm program. Cowpeas, velvet beans and soy beans were grown with every crop of corn. Something was always being put back into the soil. The farm has become a profit producer probably for the first time in 20 years, for it was sold for taxes that long ago.

More of this kind of farming would mean better homes, more bank accounts and fewer tax sales of land in the South. It is the only way to redeem the thousands of acres that are drifting down the tenant-farmed, one-crop road to abandonment. But it calls not only for good farm management and foresight but for more work by the white man who owns the land.

THE BRIDGE BUILDER— And Old Man's Work.

Here is a beautiful poem. It is a sermon. How many of us will leave behind some worth while work by which we will be kindly remembered?

Read this poem twice and save it:

An old man, traveling a lone highway,
Came at the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm deep and wide.
The old man crossed in a twilight dim,
For the sullen stream held no fear for him,
For he turned when he reached the other side,
And builded a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," cried a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here,
Your journey will end with the ending day
And you never again will pass this way,
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide—
Why build a bridge at eventide?"

And the builder raised his old gray head,
"Good friend, on the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet will pass this way,
This stream which has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired boy may a pitfall be,
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

WAR IN THE AIR— Battleships Scrapped.

Sky hornets will fight future wars. We will quit building battleships for the sea. We will have war fleets to fight in the air.

France is leading in this air fighting force. England is trailing close second. Even poor old Russia is building battle planes as a matter of self-defense. The United States is not wholly idle. In fact in number of planes she is second. In airmen we are third.

A thousand battle planes can be built for the price of one big battleship on water. All war experts say that future battles will be fought high in the air. Dropping of bombs and poison gas will do more damage and death than the old way.

Now there is a big contest to see whose plane will go the highest, the quickest. Fight from above will be the game. Get on top with your plane will be the order given to the soldiers who man the battle planes abve the earth.

The last war had the submarines, or the "Snakes of the Sea," as they were called. Now comes the hornets of the sky to sting the world to death with bombs, high explosives and death gas.

Will we end or mend war?

The Woman Who Understood

The International Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 12 Is, "Martha and Mary"—Luke 10:38-42; Mark 14:3-9.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

"TO be great is to be misunderstood;" but most great men have had the sympathy and inspiration of a woman; many, indeed, have become great because some woman understood their potentialities better than they did themselves. Although He had personally picked out twelve intimates and had trained them into His mind and methods, when the great and decisive hour of His life came, it was only a woman who understood.

Squarely and inescapably, this lesson raises at once a vital point for discussion. Is it woman's greatest possible achievement to "live her own life" and to secure "economic independence" and to find "liberty for self-expression;" or does she do a really greater thing, with larger results of service to the race and of satisfaction to herself, when she becomes the inspirer and comforter and comprehending comrade of a man? Was Mary of Bethany really the greatest possible woman that she might have become? And is she a type to be copied for all time? Has she a place in the gallery of immortals equal to that of Cleopatra and Joan of Arc and Queen Elizabeth? Or is she such a "back number" that the modern young woman may pass by her example in disdain?

So we see that our present Sunday school lesson plunges a score of millions of persons straight into the heart of "the woman question." And that discussion may more properly be carried on over an open Bible, the Book that has given woman her present place in the world, than over cocktails and cigarets in a cabaret. For the theme is essentially spiritual; it has to do with human character, and those qualities of soul which shape womanhood and the world. Despite the fact that the humorists pay more attention than the philosophers or the preachers to the state of mind and course of conduct of the modern woman, the subject is really one that belongs within the realm of religion. The springs of destiny are involved in it. At bottom, it is merely a state of spirit.

A House of Hospitality.

The scene of the two incidents that are given in the text of this lesson was a home on the southeastern slope of the Mount of Olives. It was in a suburb of old Jerusalem, a half hour's walk from the Temple gate. Apparently, this house of Simon and of Lazarus and of Martha and of Mary was a home of wealth; for Jesus was no class man, and He found His friends on all levels. Certainly it was a household rich in hospitality; and it became immortalized because it opened its doors to this Guest. We never know what rewards hospitality may bring in its train; nor what angels are entertained unawares.

By the elimination of the guest room from so many modern homes we are shutting out benefits beyond calculation. In the East, which produced the Bible and our faith, the beautiful grace of hospitality still retains its luster. These words are being penned in the Holy Land; where every hour brings its witness to the truth that hospitality is an art as well as a duty and a privilege. The Orient's ineradicable interest in personalities and in life, is maintained and quickened by the constant practice of hospitality. These recent months have reminded me how world-wide an influence is this privilege of keeping one's home open to wayfaring friends; for at every turn in these travels in the Near East I am meeting those who have in the past honored my own fireside with their presence. Thus contacts await me everywhere.

And contacts, which are one fruit of hospitality, are a large part of the equipment of life. If the Bethany home had not been open to Jesus there would have been no raising of Lazarus from the dead. In the Old World the type of elevator most commonly used is electric, and it depends wholly upon contact for its power. If the outer gates and the inner doors are not closed, so that the circuit is completed by contact, the elevator cannot move. The same is a parable of life. Many persons are powerless in business and in other fields because they have not established the right contacts. Especially is this true in the realm of religion; power in discipleship depends wholly upon contact with Christ. The Bethany home has become a universal influence throughout the ages because it maintained close relationship with Jesus.

Two Women's Ways.

These sisters of Bethany, Martha and Mary, were of diverse types; although the disparity has perhaps been exaggerated because of the one incident. Martha, the elder, was a "practical" woman, and Mary was "spiritual." It was Martha's housewifely skill that made the home comfortable for the Guest. She saw to His needs, and she provided the food that the tired Teacher needed. We cannot escape the significance of the sequence of names in the record "Now Jesus loved Martha and Mary her sister." A deal of criticism has been attached to this busy, careful, burdened and responsible homemaker that does not properly belong to her.

Two mistakes Martha made, which were really one: She allowed herself to be fretted and distracted, pulled this way and that, by her household duties; and, therefore, she lost patience with her sister and displayed family friction in the presence of an outsider, which is well nigh unforgivable. The creaking machinery of household management was deliberately thrust under the eves of the Guest, making Him feel uncomfortable, as the cause of all the annoyance. All of us know the anxious hostess, who cannot conceal the fact that her hospitality is something unusual and extraordinary, a thing that worries her and is a real burden. Truest hospitality, of course, is a quiet sharing of the home's normal life; and a giving of one's self to the guest.

Fortunately, when Martha lost her patience with Mary, whom she thought neglectful of her end of the household load, the Guest was both an intimate friend and their accepted Teacher; so he could say, in kindly reminder of the relative importance of things, "Martha, Martha, you are anxious and worried about a multitude of things; and yet only one thing is really necessary. Mary has chosen the good portion and she shall not be deprived of it." In a footnote on this passage the Weymouth Version says, illuminatingly: "Apparently our Lord's primary meaning was that His wants were so simple that a single dish was all that was needed to satisfy them. Martha's mistake arose from her not understanding that Christ had something infinitely better to bestow on her than anything which she could give Him. The relative positions of Him and the two sisters were the reverse of what they seemed to be. In reality He was the (spiritual) host and they were His guests."

Missing the Best.

Probably the greater proportion of travelers in foreign lands miss the most of their opportunities. They see the conventional "sights" but never look beneath the surface of things into the real life of strange lands. The near East is still chuckling over the unbelievable superficiality of the views of the Winter's tourists. In Constantinople the men bought by the scores a wierd black and white cane, such as had never before been seen in the city, nor has it been seen since; yet it is now being carried all over America as "typical" of the Turkish gentleman's walking stick—whereas the Turkish gentleman carries a string of beads.

Martha committed the blunder of not sensing the depth and breadth of the opportunity that had come to her in the person of the Master. As one has said, "Martha was occupied FOR Jesus; Mary was occupied WITH Jesus. Mary was occupied not with things, but with a Person." What cared Jesus for an elaborate meal that destroyed the tranquility of the home, and fretted the spirit of his hostess? He wants our works less than He wants us. Big dinners can be had in restaurants; friendly communion is to be had in homes. There are plenty of parents who are lavishing abundance upon their children, but denying them themselves. What our sons need is more of their fathers' time and interest and less of their money. And if the best mothers give themselves to their daughters, the social life of the land will be saved.

Though many persons have sneered at Mary as a "clinging vine," the soft, sentimental, ineffective type of woman, the fact cannot be escaped that she won the praise of the Master because of her keen sense of an occasion. A great opportunity had come to the Bethany home, and Mary did not miss it. She won fellowship with Jesus; and she gave Him that which was more precious to Him than many dinners—the appreciation and sympathy of a gentle-spirited and intelligent woman. Thus while Mary gave she also got. Most enviable of women—to have sat at the feet of Jesus, listening the outpourings of His unburdened heart.

Perhaps it was in this very conversation, which Martha so peulently interrupted, that Mary suddenly realized, what all the other friends of Jesus had been too blind to see, that the Master was really going to His death in fulfillment of His mission. For later, as the climax of Christ's life drew near, He was again in the Bethany home—what a haven it was to that storm-tossed spirit!— and Mary poured an alabaster cruse of precious ointment upon His head; to the scandal of the thrifty disciples who thought the act a waste of money. Only Mary and Jesus understood that this was a pre-anointment of His body for burial; that it was love's last and most sacred ceremony. All others brought their gifts too late; Mary gave her offering while its recipient could appreciate them. She understood the peculiar need of that anguished Spirit beneath the shadow of the cross, whom the hosannas of the crowd could not deceive.

So upon her brow Jesus gratefully laid this wreath of immortal fame—

"Leave her alone; why are you troubling her? She has done a most gracious act towards me. For you always have the poor among you, and whenever you choose you can do acts of kindness to them; but me you have not always. What she could she did; she has perfumed my body in preparation for my burial. And I solemnly tell you that wherever in the whole world the Good News shall be proclaimed, this which she has done shall also be said in remembrance of her."

The woman who understood was herself understood; and that is love's perfect reward.

Bavarian Comes Here for Health Studies

Dr. Gustav Seiffert, of Munich, general secretary of the National Health Council of Bavaria, turned up in New York recently without official heralding of his arrival, but with something of dramatic urgency in his venture.

He had taken a job as ship's doctor on a German liner to America, and so managed to get a few days' rapid-fire conferences with health experts and heads of public health organizations in New York while the vessel lay over for the return trip.

Dr. Seiffert was particularly eager to get in touch with workers for child health, and to take counsel as to health educational measures which would put to most effective use the extremely limited funds available for his department in the Bavarian government.

He intends to translate the suggestions he received in his flying trip to America into such ways and means of restoring health standards for German children as the meager funds and personnel at his disposal will permit. The need for such work in Germany at present, Dr. Seiffert said, is everywhere recognized as imperative.

France Leads Them All in Air Strength

If the next war is fought in the air, as some students of military tactics predict, France will be the best equipped nation in the world for successful warfare it is said by Glenn H. Curtiss, pioneer American aviator, who recently visited England. The United States and Great Britain, Curtiss says, are lagging woefully, and apparently have failed to grasp the importance of air development.

The United States, Curtiss contends, is paying greater attention to the commercial development of aviation, rather than to its military possibilities. Great Britain is forgetting the possibilities of air fleets in her anxiety to maintain her naval supremacy.

MOTHER FINALLY GETS DEAD SON

Somebody Blunders, Tears Are Shed and Prayers Are Said for Stranger.

Why did government officials switch bodies of war heroes and send the wrong one home to Mrs. Elizabeth Flynn of Binghamton, N. Y., as that of her own son; and then why did they, after two years, break her heart by telling her of the mistake, and letting her know that the prayers she has said out at a soldier's grave, the tears she has wept over it, the wealth of love she has given it, have all been for some other mother's boy.

These are the questions to be pressed by Mrs. Flynn and her family as a result of information received from the office of the quartermaster general. The information is to the effect that the body sent here in 1921 as that of Francis Joseph Flynn, hero of Belleau Wood, is that of another person and that the right body will be shipped now and the substitute disinterred from the grave so greatly loved by Flynn's devoted mother and taken by the war department.

Letter Explains Mistake.

Definite information as to how the tragic mistake originally was made and as to why, after the years passed, the secret was not kept, now is sought.

The letter from the quartermaster general's office to Mrs. Flynn follows:

"Dear Madam:

"The quartermaster general desires you to be advised that during the completion of the Aisne-Marne American cemetery in Belleau Wood, department of Aisne, France, wherein the remains of your late son, First Sergeant Francis Joseph Flynn, 20th company, Fifth marines, were reported buried, it has been found that an error was made in the shipment of the remains of your son.

"The records indicate that the body originally shipped to you was exhumed from Grave 110, Section T, Plot 3, from under the marker of your son. However, when the body in Grave 138, Section S, Plot 3 was disinterred from under soldier, your son's identification tag and chevrons of his rank were found.

"A thorough investigation of all facts was made, and it was found that both bodies were originally buried side by side in Graves 115 and 116, near Belleau, Aisne, and at the time of reburial were transposed.

"The body of your son has now been shipped to the United States, and within the next few days representatives of this service and the marine corps will escort the body to you and explain all facts in connection therewith.

"This service realizes this is distressing news to you, but since it is the policy of this office to deal fairly with relatives of our soldier dead it is believed you will appreciate the untiring efforts put forth in behalf of those relatives to restore to them remains of their own flesh and blood."

Free Bulletins

Recent bulletins of interest to farmers which may be obtained free of charge by writing the division of publications, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., are as follows: Farmers' Bulletin 707, The Commercial Grading, Packing and Shipping of Cantaloupes; 766, The Common Cabbage Worm; 842, Methods of Protection Against Lightning; 850, How to Make Cottage Cheese on the Farm; 871, Fresh Fruits and Vegetables as Conservers of Other Staple Foods; 900, Homemade Fruit Butters; 943, Haymaking; 959, The Spotted Garden Slug; 984, Farm and Home Drying of Fruits and Vegetables; 1007, The Control of the Onion Thrips; 1112, Culling for Eggs and Market; 1115, Selection and Preparation of Fowls for Exhibition; 1145, Handling and Transportation of Canntaloupes; 1211, Home Canning Fruits and Vegetables; 1255, The Potato Leafhopper and Its Control; 1246, The Peach Borer—How to Prevent or Lessen Its Ravages; 1258, Webworms Injurious to Cereal and Forage Crops and Their Control; 1265, Preparation of Peaches for Market; 1290, The Bulk Handling of Grain; 1310, The Corn Earworm.

Chinese Officers Trained in Japan

Thirty graduates of Chang Tso-Lin's war college in Manchuria have arrived in Japan for extensive courses in military science.

The arrangement for their training, made directly between the Japanese war department and General Chang, independent of Peking, is understood to be only a small part of the program adopted by Chang for the purpose of regaining the military prestige he lost when he was defeated by Wu Pei-Fu last year.

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FACE FULL OF RED PIMPLES

Itched and Burned. Scalp Covered With Dry Lumps. Cuticura Healed.

"My face was full of small, red pimples and so sore that I could hardly stand to shave. My scalp was covered with dry lumps that would scale off and leave sore eruptions. The eruptions itched and burned so badly that I scratched them, causing them to bleed.

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they helped me, and after using one box of Cuticura Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap, I was healed." (Signed) C. L. Walker, 717 Zane St., Martins Ferry, Ohio.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all toilet uses. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Samples Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

POISON FILLS GROG, IS VIEW

One Chance Out of 100 of Getting Real Liquor, Haynes Declares.

One per cent of 80,000 samples of liquor seized by prohibition agents during the last fiscal year and analyzed in government laboratories was genuine, Prohibition Commissioner Haynes announced last week, reiterating that adulteration of bootleg liquor was leading to serious physical consequences. Mr. Haynes said the four sources of bootleg liquor were moonshine, redistilled denatured alcohol, smuggled goods and liquor illegally withdrawn from bonded warehouses.

Drinking of moonshine liquor, he quoted J. M. Doran, head of the government laboratories as saying, may not cause death directly but its toxins are cumulative and result in death if indulged in for a protracted period.

Redistillation of denatured alcohol, Mr. Doran said, fails to remove the inherent poisons, wood alcohol, benzol, ether and other deleterious matter being retained in the beverage. It is impossible to detect the presence of wood alcohol, he said, without a chemical analysis and three ounces have caused death.

"Smuggled goods and liquor illegally withdrawn from bonded warehouses constitute the other sources of supply," the statement issued by Mr. Haynes said. "A large part of this is doctored and stretched many times and sold in fake containers. Proof of this is shown in the quality of liquor seized from the rum-running fleets off the Atlantic coast recently."

Man Who Started Henry Ford Is Dead

Alex Y. Malcolmson, prominent business man and original partner of Henry Ford when the Ford Motor Co. was founded in 1902, died at Ann Arbor last week after an illness of several months. He was 59.

Malcolmson is generally credited as being the man who started Ford on his way to one of the world's greatest fortunes. Malcolmson, a coal dealer, advanced $7,000 to Ford in 1902 to back Ford's dream of a "horseless carriage." This was later found to be insufficient and the company was reorganized a year later and several other investors were taken into the company, including the Dodge brothers.

Indirectly, Malcolmson played an important part in the accumulation of another great fortune when he sent James Couzens, now United States senator from Michigan, to the Ford plant to protect the Malcolmson investment. Couzens at that time was a bookkeeper at the Malcolmson coal office. The Couzens fortune was built up on the connection thus made with the Ford company.

England's Mystery U-Boat Is Launched

When England's new "mystery ship," Submarine X-1, was launched recently, newspapermen and spectators were rigidly excluded, and the approaches to the dock-yards were heavily guarded to make sure no unauthorized person should see her take the water. Nevertheless it can be said the launching was in all ways successful, and the latest addition to under-sea power was at once towed to the dockyard for completion.

The new vessel is the last word in submarines; she is really a submersible battle-cruiser. Her displacement when submerged will be 3,600 tons, 1,400 tons greater than that of the largest German submarine and considerably greater than any of the existing American types. On the surface the X-1 will use steam for navigation, but when submerged will use electricity.

Mr. Simmons, says:

"I have been in the drug business nearly fifty years. For a long time I have been troubled with indigestion, water brash, sour stomach, etc. Last winter I contracted a severe cold and took a bottle of

PE-RU-NA

to break it. To my surprise it not only cured the cold but while taking it I was not bothered with indigestion or acid stomach. It does me more good for this trouble than anything I have taken."

Mr. Simmons' initials are M. D. and his address Harrisburg, Ark. Being a druggist of more than limited experience, Mr. Simmons knew perfectly well what he was doing when he selected Pe-ru-na for his own use from among his large and assorted stock of medicines.

Naturally he picked, in the light of fifty years experience, the best remedy he knew. PE-RU-NA was his choice.

Sold Everywhere. **Tablet or Liquid.**

TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
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Read the Advertising

We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1923

What's the difference how old the earth is? It isn't wearing out.

"Grover Cleveland Bergdoll wants to come back to the United States." Well? The ocean is not frozen over.

Real life, upon the whole, isn't half as bad as some of the dreams.

Senator Edwards of New Jersey was cheered when he was introduced as "the next President." If he wants to know what that means William J. Bryan can tell him.

We laugh at some of the old copybook philosophy. Nevertheless it had lived a long time before it got into the copybooks, and is still pretty good stuff.

Since Turkey is to join the League of Nations she probably won't do any more fighting, provided she can have her own way.

Roughnecks have been known to threaten to take what a poor-paying creditor owed them "out of his hide." If France were to suggest such a thing Germany would protest that she hasn't any hide.

Hunger in Germany wouldn't be so pathetic to think about at this distance if it were to hit the breadbaskets of the old military crowd first.

Soon as a statesman returns from Europe and gets his feet on American soil his mouth flies open.

If we had a plan that would bring and maintain universal peace, with or without the co-operation of the United States, the world could have it for nothing. All we would ask would be reimbursement for the thirty cents' worth of postage stamps it might be necessary to use.

It is evident that our statesmen did not go to Europe to change their minds.

There's a silver lining in every cloud, time flies and Magnus Johnson's senatorial term expires March 3, 1925.

"Old-fashioned folks continue to write letters to the papers advocating the spanking of girls." Pin 'em down and they would probably confess they would like to do the spanking.

Prosperity killed the old Populist movement and there is still another load in the gun.

It is no longer necessary to look at a clothesline to see what woman are wearing.

Charles W. Wood has in Collier's an interview with Henry Ford, in which the well-known manufacturer turns the light of his wisdom and experience on the whole presidential situation, including his own candidacy. Summarized, the interview is substantially this: "Yes, we have no bananas today."

Filipinos may want their independence so they can show us how to run a republic.

Magnus Johnson has been quoted as saying Hiram Johnson does not talk enough and Hiram Johnson says to that, "I'd rather not talk enough than too much." Looks as if the two Johnsons are going to entertain the public.

After the radicals have saved the country it will be up to the conservatives to save the pieces.

They didn't drive the Turks into the sea. Instead they gave them the ocean.

Senator LaFollette has gone to Europe but Magnus Johnson will yell across.

Having the biggest army and the most powerful military equipment in the world, France doesn't change her opinions easily.

Lima Beane says the Ford is a used boom.

One paper regards the diplomatic exchanges between France and England as "the battle of wits." Not so bad as it might be if the parties to the dispute were what Ring Lardner would call ½ witted.

We can't imagine there is any fun in being great.

It is not probable that the nation's surplus wheat will be manufactured into five-cent loaves.

Many call the prohibition law un-American, but they must mean non-European.

Everybody wants law for purposes of protection, but as a restraint they don't like it.

This country has outlived thousands of men who thought they saw it tottering on the brink of destruction.

When a man is one-half drunk the other half might as well be.

Canada and the United States remain at peace because neither ever thinks of fighting. In Europe nations think of little else.

The lunatics are less bother than politics.

Equality of the sexes has left women hanging to car straps.

Radicalism is like hay fever pollen. It spreads over a lot of territory but makes only a small percentage of the people snort.

This is not submitted as a $100,000 peace prize entry, but the United States would be willing to co-operate with any nation in minding its own business.

It would be a good plan always to have about twenty million Americans who don't want office interested in the government.

Anthracite operators to consumers: We'll prey and you sing.

Mr. Harding

Following the war and the political and social and economic dislocations following upon it this country needed quiet just as a convalescing victim of an illness requires freedom from noise and excitement and purposeless running to and fro. President Harding, a quiet man, sought to meet the necessity.

Because the whole world was disturbed, harassed with fears and beset with selfish and unreasonable national rivalries, we needed the benefit of calm judgment upon every public question. A misstep might have embroiled us in quarrels, destructive and costly, that were not of our making. Haste might have interrupted for years the steady restoration to normal and orderly life. Mr. Harding was a calm man. He would not be hurried into taking snap judgments. He gauged the problem of the hour by its true proportions, not by what interested politicians, fanatics or editors, infatuated with their own rhetoric, sought to make it appear. Trifles with which he was faced were never puffed into balloons. Matters of great moment were never made to seem insignificant in order to save the energy of solving them.

We needed courage in the White House. Mr. Harding risked all his political future by vetoing the soldiers' bonus bill that had been cunningly written and passed in order to relieve congress of an embarrassment and to place the responsibility for a rebuff to the veterans upon the President's shoulders. It took courage to persist in working for the ship subsidy bill when it was made an occasion for a partisan fight and an opportunity to show the cleavage in the Republican party. It took courage to ignore governmental red-tape and come to the rescue of Iowa banks, caught in the meshes of agricultural depression. It was a courageous thing for Mr. Harding to point out the littleness of the farm bloc. It was courageous of him to make appointments that angered political cliques and yet lacked the spectacular quality which would bring him commendation from the public.

Mr. Harding met the requirements of his times just as the genius and boldness of General Grant met those of his day. His work has been left unfinished. But it will go on. His policies were clean-cut, understandable, and it will be a matter of keeping faith with their chief which will cause President Coolidge and the cabinet to follow the lines so well marked by Mr. Harding.

The night of President Harding's election a party of printers of the Marion Star went over to the home of their employer. The visit seemed to touch the heart of Mr. Harding much more than the hundreds of delegations which had poured into Marion to see and hear and avow their allegiance to their candidate. He told the men, with a catch in his voice, that he intended as President to be square with them, to be square with all their fellow countrymen, to be square with the nation that had called him to the highest office it could give.

The history of Mr. Harding's career will show that he has made good upon the promise he gave that night in Marion. He has played a square game. He has been square in all his dealings with friends and foes. He has not hesitated to hazard his political fortunes and his claim upon fame just to be square with with everyone, his country and his countrymen.

He could have no better epitaph than that he lay down a course of cleanness and honesty for himself and kept the faith.

As to Revolutions

Magnus Johnson is saying in tones thunderous and reverberating what seems to have come to him from Brother LaFollette in a whisper—that revolution foam-flecked and bloody-handed is likely to descend on our fair land and reduce it to mournful if picturesque ruins.

The Mr. Johnson of Minnesota is like the Mr. Johnson of California in possessing his own voice, but unlike him in doing his own thinking. His thoughts are used thoughts, and they have not been previously overhauled and repaired and their cyclometer set back to 4,000 miles. LaFollette, we take it, has let friend Magnus have a raft of second-hand thoughts, fabricated hastily during the war, for the mere deposit money. They appear to Mr. Johnson as great stuff, but they lead him, we fear, into making a monkey of himself.

The revolution that probably would have pleased LaFollette when all he got from native Americans was a sour look isn't going to be. The Berger crowd tried to start it when the chances were best. Foster and his outfit made a try at it, and their successes were nil. Americans who wouldn't revolt to please the kaiser or Lenine, or a senator sensitive to snubs won't revolt to make Magnus Johnson out a prophet.

Which is not to say that we won't have a revolution of another kind. We will. The fact is that we are in the midst of a revolution after the order of that which made Britain into a great industrial nation. It was revolutionary when a laboring men's bank ran deposits of $650,000 to $25,000,000 in twenty-eight months. It was revolutionary when 10,000 men and women jammed a street to put up $500,000 into a garment workers' bank between 9 o'clock in the morning and 3 in the afternoon. It was in the nature of revolution when bricklayers arranged a wage scale paying them more than some stars of the stage get. The New Hampshire boys who turned down a $6 a day haying job because it was a dollar less than their demand disclosed a symptom of the revolution. The entrance of workers' representatives on directors' boards, profit-sharing systems, production bonuses—all these indicate a vast, an almost revolutionary, change from the old days. We are inclined to think that what looks like a game of whipsawing the public between coal operators and coal miners has something to do with the revolution in which we are now involved.

A man like Magnus Johnson understands only one kind of revolution—one filling the air with the smell of gun-powder. But there are other forms of the thing, much more resistless than such a one as Russia's, untainted of famine and torture and bitter injustice.

No Strike Likely

The answer to another coal strike, should it come about, would almost certainly be congressional action. This action would probably be along the lines recommended by the federal coal commission. Even if it were not it would yet impose government regulation and extend the authority of bureaucratic peepers.

Mr. Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has broadcasted his opinion of the federal coal commission's recommendations. It is not flattering to the commission. It is a promise of bitter opposition on the part of the labor unions to any endeavor to translate the commission's findings into law. Mr. Gompers echoes, of course, the views of the miners' leaders.

It is, therefore, a pretty safe wager that there will be no strike. Strike talk is always associated with wage negotiating. If it has no effect on the employers it is at least a try-out of public sentiment. Strike talk can be talked louder and more seriously if there seems to be an assurance of public support for the strikers.

The coal negotiators will find a basis for agreement. If the minds of both operators and mine leaders is the conviction that they simply have to agree to avoid the alternative of governmental action, bound if enforced to curb the profits of mine-owners and the powers of miners' representatives.

Un-Judicial Judges

The railroad labor board is making out a bad case for government mediation in labor disputes. The board is composed of members representing employers, employes and the public interest. These members are now searching their souls for words with which to tell the world how little they think of one another. Their language is about as moderate and judicial as that of those southern Irishmen and Ulster Irishmen who met at times to settle the affairs of their island. The presentation of their cases to the people suggests the advisability of appointing one of those strenuous referees who are accustomed to pry pugilists apart during the clinches. The labor board ought to be a lesson to employers and employes—to carry on their negotiations together as much as possible and shy away as much as they can from governmental agencies.

Feeding Wheat to Hogs

On the basis of the market prices of wheat and corn it costs more now to feed a hog than to feed a human being.

A few days ago a small-town miller was bidding 90 cents a bushel for wheat. At the same time he was selling corn for 97½ cents a bushel. A bushel of wheat weighs 60 pounds, a bushel of corn, 56 pounds. So the difference between the prices is wider than the miller's figures show.

Some farmers are not getting even 50 cents for their wheat. Transportation costs are always deducted in payments to the farmers. The farther they are from terminal markets the less they get. Thus a Kansas City dealer bid 77 cents a bushel for wheat at a western Kansas point. This same dealer was offering corn for sale at 93 cents.

One miller this week was selling middlings made from wheat at $40 a ton. The wheat itself he was getting for $32 a ton. Live stock food was worth $8 more a ton than the richer food out of which it came, $8 more than food out of which is made the bread that is the life and mainstay of a nation.

About 300,000,000 bushels of corn and oats are fed every month to cows and hogs and horses in the United States. It would be an enormous saving in feeding costs if part of this low-priced wheat which is embarrassing agriculture were fed to live stock. It would relieve the markets swiftly if farmers, instead of rushing all their wheat to their nearest elevators, were each to give a few bushels to their animals. In only three weeks 200,000,000 bushels of wheat could be disposed of in this way and the last panicky word about over-production would be forgotten. Cattle food would cease to be more costly than the raw material for bread.

There are about 8,000,000 farmers in this country. Were they to feed only twenty bushels of wheat a year to live stock that would dispose of 160,000,000 bushels. Better that the custom develop of feeding wheat to animals in seasons of surplus than that wheat-growing be widely abandoned as profitless. Nationally it would be a tragedy if, because of injuries to agriculture at a time like this, thousands of farmers turned to other crops than wheat and brought about a shortage in seasons that followed.

LAND OF 10,000 LAKES

Finland Is One of Newest Republics

(Carpenter's World Travels, Copyright, 1923, by Frank G. Carpenter)

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

SIT down with me in the chamber of the Congress of Finland, and take a look at the liveliest assembly of the new Baltic republics. We are in far northern Europe, in the latitude of Alaska, in the city of Helsingfors, and within rifle shot of the harbor. The republic is too new to have a national parliament house, and for the time congress is meeting in a seven story sky-scraper, sandwiched in between stores. The front of the building is all windows, being composed of a tower that extends beyond the shops which adjoin it. It looks like no other capitol in Europe.

There is only one branch of congress, a House of Representatives, and the one chamber consists of 200 members. The hall looks for all the world like a church. It is lighted by incandescent electric lights in frosted globes set into the ceiling. The members sit at little school desks and seem very crowded. The furniture is of oak, trimmed with gold. The carpet is red. The chamber has a wide gallery running about it, well up near the roof. The speaker sits at the back, under a ferocious bronze lion, below which stands a statue of Justice. There are two clerks on either side of the speaker, and beyond them on the left are the seats of the cabinet ministers, who have the advantage of our cabinet at Washington in being able to take part in all legislative discussions. To the right is the press gallery, from which go out daily reports of the chamber.

Finland's New Congress.

As I look down from the gallery I have a good representation under my eye of the new Finland. The 200 members represent all parts of the country, and they are the best type of the new Finnish republic. They look not unlike our congressmen except that there is a goodly sprinkling of women among them. According to the new constitution, every Finnish citizen, man or woman, has the right to vote after he or she is 24 years of age. Every one of them is eligible to the House of Representatives, and the terms are for three years instead of two as with us.

The women are a live working part of the assembly. Almost one-tenth of the whole body is composed of them. They have 19 of the 200 seats, and they serve on all the committees, taking a live part in making the laws and fixing the taxes. They are not afraid to speak and they speak well. Looking down from the gallery, these female statesmen are not different in appearance from our good ordinary American women. They dress well and there are but few short-skirted and short-haired ones among them.

The male members have fewer bald heads than those of our house of representatives. They dress much the same, some having the statesman's black, and others the pepper and salt suits of our business men.

Six Political Parties.

Finland has six political parties and each has its own section of the house. The Socialists, or Social Democrats, as they are called, are grouped at the left. This is the largest party, numbering 80 members at the last election. In the center are the Agrarians, or land owners, large and small, who number 42, and off at the right is the Swedish party of 22 members representing the Swedish population which is only 400,000. And then there is the Finnish Progressive party, 26 in all, and the Christian Labor party which is only two.

Now a member has risen to speak. He does not address the house from his seat as in our halls of congress, but comes to the rostrum, where on the right or left of the speaker is a pulpit, in which he stands as though he were giving a sermon. The present speaker is reading from manuscript, looking up now and then as he does. He is speaking in Finnish. The pure Finlanders are proud of their native language, and Finnish has been made the official language of the republic. On the other hand, the members of the Swedish party will speak only in Swedish. All congressional papers are printed in the two languages, and when a Swedish member has finished his speech, it is translated freely by a Finnish interpreter. The interpreter is one of the officers of the parliament and he receives a salary as such. He summarizes the speech, giving only the principal points.

Church and State.

Now the Finnish member has finished his reading and the speaker has recognized one of the Swedes. He comes to the pulpit on the other side of the house and talks with the interpreter standing beside him. As he goes on I ask my guide what he is saying. He replies that the question before the house is the Union of Church and State. The Social Democrats want to separate the two and the Swedish party demands that the old conditions, in which the church is subsidized by the government, be left as they are. Most of the Finlanders are Evangelical Lutherans, who number more than 3,000,000. As to the remainder there are 50,000 Greek Catholics, about 600 Roman Catholics and 89,000 Baptists.

As the speaker goes on with his prosy discussion, I see the members slinking out until at last three-fourths have gone to the lobbies. They go more quietly than our members of congress and there is no loud talking or chatting while the speaking goes on. At the least noise the speaker brings his gavel down with a thud and he tries also to prevent the applause which sometimes breaks out.

I observe that most of the messengers employed in the chamber are women. A middle-aged brunette lady kept the door of the gallery where I came in, and two sprightly young blondes went about with glass pitchers and gave drinks to the members. The liquid was water, and I can truly certify that prohibition prohibits in these lobbies of congress.

But first let me give you a bird's-eye view of this new nation which, like Minerva from the head of Jove, has sprung full-fledged from the cranium of the Russian bear and now tramps its independent way rejoicing. The Finns came from Russia and are said to have lived along the Volga about 700 A. D., and a hundred years later were crowded from there into Finland. A few centuries after that they fought with the Swedes and were conquered, and for 500 years were ruled by them. Later still there were wars between the Swedes and the Russians, and at the end Finland came under the czar, where it remained until the World war. The people however were more in sympathy with the Swedes than with the Russians. They were nearly all Lutherans and they objected greatly to the Russification attempted by the authorities at Petrograd.

Finns and Russians.

This Russification began about 20 years ago. At that time the officials of the czar did what they could to crush out Finnish business, culture and religion. They made the country send its goods into Russia free of duty and charged a high tariff on all imports from Russia. They sent in missionaries and established Greek churches. They Russianized the civil service and tried to Russianize the schools. They stirred up trouble between the working people and the upper classes. They organized a spy system, and many Finns were illegally arrested and sent off to Siberia. Such of the state officials as objected were put into the prisons of Petrograd, and this continued until the World war was three years under way.

At that time the Russian troops tried to create a revolution in Finland. They broke into the prisons and armed the criminals with rifles. They were aided by the soldiers of the Russian navy and the two looted the country and pillaged the larger estates. This continued until the latter part of 1917, when the Finns declared their independence of Russia and began to fight for their liberty. They had only edged tools at the start, but they disarmed the Russian garrisons and under the name of the White Army, routed the Russion troops, and the Finnish Red Guard. At the end, however, they were able to maintain their republic, and by the middle of 1919 they had formed a new constitution and established a parliament. They now have a president and cabinet just as we have and are making their way along the path of the nations as a live, up-to-date political entity.

The Finns cannot be compared to the Russians. They look, think and act differently, and had a different experience and civilization. The Russians are naturally socialists. For generations the peasants have lived in villages where much of the land was held in common. The Finns have owned their own farms. They are individualists and they have always had more or less freedom. They had a congress before the war, and in it they demanded their rights of the czar and of the parliament at Petrograd. Most of them succeeded in keeping out of the Russian army, and they were not subject to draft. When the war began it brought commercial prosperity. The Finns manufactured supplies for the troops, and they sold timber and wood fuel to Russia. They shipped in wood-pulp and paper, and their industries were paying dividends of 30 per cent and upwards until the revolution came in. The Finnish mark did not fall with the ruble, and today it is on a level with the best of the second class currencies of Europe. The people are doing all they can to create a stabilized mark and they are gaining ground right along.

Finland Compared to Alaska.

The Finlanders are an interesting people. Living as they do way up here on the roof of the world they breathe ozone, and their hard struggle with nature has made them one of the strongest of races. Their country is in just about the same latitude as Alaska, but while Alaska has less than 50,000 white citizens, Finland has more than 3,000,000, and it does a manufacturing and commercial business running into the tens of millions of dollars a year.

We have just begun to farm Alaska. Finland has more than a quarter of a million farms and it is now annually raising tens of millions of bushels of rye, oats and potatoes and large quantities of hay, hemp and flax. It is a live stock country, having cattle, sheep and goats by the hundreds of thousands, and its dairy cows annually yield several hundred million pounds of butter for export.

The republic is just about one-fourth the size of Alaska, and if our territory did as well it would have a population twice that of Holland, with fine cities and towns and factories of every description. All the railways of Alaska and the Yukon joined together are a hundred miles or so shorter than the distance between New York and Cincinnati. Finland has enough iron tracks to reach from Boston to the Great Salt Lake, and leave some to spare. Almost all the railways belong to the state, and they carry each year about 5,000,000 tons of freight and 17,000,000 passengers. In addition there are something like 5,000 miles of public roads, and about 2,500 miles of canals. Many of the roads are macadamized and one can motor about almost everywhere. Some of the railways run through the forests, and the canals and waterways are so many that one can go over most of the republic by boat.

Finland has been called the "Land of Ten Thousand Lakes." This name gives but a faint conception of its waterways. It has by actual count over 35,000 lakes and its waters suitable for the driving of logs, if joined end to end, would reach from Seattle to Shanghai. Some of the lakes are large and one, Lake Saimo, has 1,000 islands. It is connected by a canal with the sea.

The country is a land of water powers. At the Imatra Falls can be generated 140,000 horsepower, and the fall of Pyhakoski has a drop of 200 feet, giving a potential force of 200,000 horsepower. Imatra is the Niagara of Finland. The drop is only 60 feet, and the stream is so narrow that one can throw a stone from one bank to the other, but the water roars as it flies through the rocks with a noise that can be heard five miles away, sending up volumes of mist and foam that vie with the clouds.

Have you ever heard of the Finnish Bridge? That is how scientists speak of this country. It is a huge peninsula hanging down from the Arctic Ocean into the Baltic between Russia and Scandinavia, forming an isthmus or bridge from one to the other. The bridge is a granite plateau more than twice as big as Missouri and its lakes fill the holes gouged out of the granite when the glaciers moved down and covered the half of North Europe. There is granite everywhere in Finland. In coming here from Stockholm I traveled most of the way through red granite islands, and the whole coast seemed walled with that stone. One can dig down anywhere here and find rock fit for his tombstone and the granite will take a polish that will outlast the ages. The tomb of Napoleon under the Hotel des Invaldies in Paris, is of granite from Finland.

Forests and Farms.

The chief resources of this country are forests and farms. Finland is one of the great lumber yards of the world. More than half of the country is covered with woods. If you could lift up its stretches of timber and transport them to the Mississippi Valley they would cover an area larger than Kansas, and you would find that everywhere the trees are well cared for. The forestry is better than ours and it is said they have even counted the trees. They have more than 300,000,000, of which 70 per cent are pine. The government knows just how many big logs it can furnish. It has more than 26,000,000 large pines and 80,000,000 smaller ones fit for railway ties. It has fir trees and spruce fit for woodpulp and paper. Nearly all the newspapers of Europe are printed on Finnish woodpulp, and trainloads of newsprint may be seen moving over the railroads to the ports. The largest paper making plant of Europe is located here.

As to lumber, Finland has about 300 sawmills, and there are woodworking factories of every description. The logging is carefully done, the trees being sawed off in the Winter, carried to the waterways on sledges and rafted down in the Spring. The cut in one year is more than 13,000,000,000 cubic feet, or enough to plank a motor car road an inch thick and sufficiently wide to accommodate 20 cars traveling abreast all the way from here to the moon.

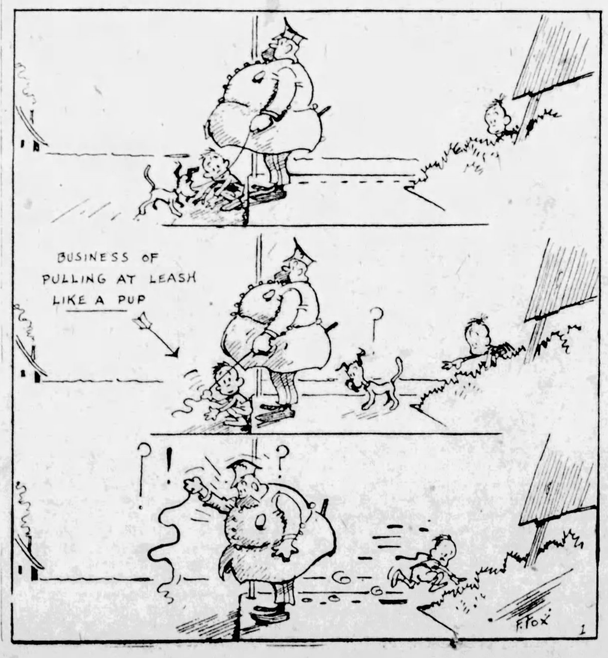
A Nation of Farmers.

The Finns are a nation of farmers. Although only about one-twelfth of the country can be cultivated there are 284,000 farms, ranging in size from eight acres to 75,000 acres. The large estates are comparatively few and the government is buying them and selling them out to small farmers on long time. The purchaser pays one-fifth down and has 10 years for the balance, at 4 per cent interest, or he can pay sooner if he desires. The sub-division is popular and it results in the farm formerly held by one man or a company being divided into several hundred farms, each with its individual owner.

Since I have come here I have motored out into the country and talked with the farmers. The roads are excellent about Helsingfors and the land has an air of prosperity and thrift. I understand that it is even better in others parts of South Finland. The fields are well cultivated and the crops seem equal to those of the good farming regions in our country. The fields are divided into long strips separated by ditches for drainage and the ground is so moist that for the making of hay the grass has to be dried upon racks, as in Norway and Sweden. The most common farm vehicle is a sled, which is used for the hauling of grain, root crops and fodder. The sled runners do not sink into the earth and sleds are used both Winter and Summer. I see many women at work in the fields and the labor goes on from daylight to dark.

The good luck generally supposed to be attached to a horseshoe comes from the fact that it has three ingredients that were considered fortunate by the ancients—iron, the shape of a crescent and something pertaining to a horse.

Nervy Rescue of Unmuzzled Pup



ABE MARTIN

Who ever thought th' time would come when a girl couldn't afford t' git married?

Our idea of a big boob is a feller that has t' ask his girl if she still loves him.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Greatness

There's an old, old proverb written,
Never great that man will be
Who cannot suffer evil as a portion
of life's fee.
He must brave the storm as calmly
as he greets the rising sun,
And must face the disappointment
for the victry to be won.
'Tis by trial strength is fashioned;
as by blows the iron is
wrought,
So a man shall come to greatness by
the battles he has fought.

When the days are dark with evil,
then the timid hearts complain,
They would live their lives in pleasure they would never face the
rain,
They would bear no heavy burdens,
they would shed no bitter
tears,
But go romping down the valleys
and go singing through the
years.
But the test of human greatness and
the glory of the soul
Are the hurts a man will suffer and
endure to reach his goal.

Bear with uncomplaining patience
every bitter wind that blows,
Brave the thorns of disappointment
for the beauty of the rose;
Live your days of evil calmly, though
your dreams in ashes lie,
Keep your faith in what you purpose—you shall conquer by and
by.
For the storms which may beset you,
and the blows and tricks of
fate,
Are but trials you must suffer if
you'd stand among the great.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest)

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

The Pet Dog

"My dog," said Mrs. Beeswax-Jones, "is valued at ten thousand bones. He is a dog beyond compare, he's scooped the bench shows everywhere; in royal kennels he was bred, and queens and kings have stroked his head. He is a treasure, I declare, but oh, he is a constant care! With him my time's so occupied I have to let my children slide. I'm told the kids are running wild, by garish sights and sounds beguiled, they roam the streets, I hear it said, when they should all be tucked in bed. But I'm so busy with my pup I cannot go and round them up. I have to take him on my knees and dope his hide to banish fleas; I have to watch him while he feeds, and see he gets just what he needs, or he might harbor deadly germs, and have severe attacks of worms. And I contend that it is wise to give him proper exercise, and so I lead him by a chain around the parks and down the lane. And I must supervise his bath; the maid has often stirred my wrath by getting soapsuds in his eyes and smiling at his anguished cries. And when I've dolled this priceless hound I am too tired to chase around and gather up my children six, and make them quit their foolish tricks. And as I said, my noble dog is in the royal catalogue."

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WAR OF STATES SPLIT FAMILY OF PRESIDENT

Printer Then Changed Name of Southern Branch of Coolidge Clan.

An interesting story was unfolded by Fred J. Cooledge, Jr., of Atlanta, a cousin of President Calvin Coolidge. There are seven relatives of the chief executive there. How the error of a printer caused a change in spelling the family name, the separation of brothers to seek their fortunes in different sections of the nation, the array of brother against brother in the war between the states, and a "split in the family" over politics, are some of the facts related by Mr. Cooledge.

The relationship of the Cooledge family of Atlanta and the Coolidge family of New England, was explained as that of cousins. The great-grandfather of Mr. Cooledge and the grandfather of the President were brothers. Norman F. Coolidge was the name of the great-grandfather of the Atlantan, and he moved to Georgia in 1854, settling in the northern section of the state.

There Fred J. Cooledge, Sr., was born. The younger Mr. Cooledge said that his father voted the Harding-Coolidge ticket in the last election, but that he and his two brothers, E. M. and H. N. Cooledge, voted the "straight Democratic ticket."

Following the war between the states F. J. Cooledge went into the paint business. He placed an order for some stationery with a local printer, who, according to the younger Mr. Cooledge, printed the name with an "E" instead of an "I," and the mistake was not discovered until after the job was done.

Neither Mr. Cooledge nor the printer was able to stand the small financial loss involved, so the head of the Cooledge firm accepted the order and thereafter spelled the name as it had been printed.

Drivers of motor cars traveling through certain parts of England are not only responsible for the handling of their vehicles, but are now liable to be fined if they allow their passengers to misbehave themselves during the trip.

VARIETIES

In 1922 Russia imported 264 automobiles.

Sicily raises about 8,000,000 boxes of lemons annually.

In 1548 the Jews of Portugal were banished to Brazil.

More than 260 stage lines are operated in California.

Montreal is planning a new hotel to cost $9,000,000.

The islands of Scotland number about 800 altogether.

A blow fish can inflate itself to twice its natural size.

A real star radiates heat and as it cools it shrinks.

Glue and varnish are made from certain seaweeds.

Potatoes grow only to the size of walnuts in Iceland.

The nutmeg is the kernel of the fruit of a tropical tree.

Camphor oil has been found to be a good wood preserver.

There is $50,000 worth of sheet brass on the Lusitania.

Every year 134,000 babies are born in New York city.

Rattlesnake poison affects the heart quickly and violently.

Each stem of the wild poppy has from 10,000 to 60,000 seeds.

More than one-third of the American dollar is spent for food.

Americans spend 16.6 per cent of their income for clothing.

Buddhism is the faith of at least a quarter of the human race.

Use of asphalt has increased greatly during the last three years.

Gingham handkerchiefs are quite the newest thing for women.

A female alligator will lay as many as 100 eggs at one time.

The acid in sugar beets rapidly eats up ordinary leather belting.

The mud baths of today were popular in the seventeenth century.

Beirut, Syria, has one American soda fountain and it is prospering.

The human eye is only capable of receiving 10 impressions a second.

In five years the Negro population of Detroit has increased 600 per cent.

There are 22 auto stage lines longer than 100 miles in California.

The population of Ireland has dropped from 8,000,000 to 4,500,000 in 75 years.

Machines are now in use which make cigarets at the rate of 50,000 an hour.

Madrid, in point of geographical elevation, is the highest city in Europe.

Fleas have caused 7,000,000 deaths in India by carrying the germs of the plague.

The apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit.

Diving suits are being used by the miners on the Fraser river of British Columbia.

The Sundew plant family have glands containing a secretion that dissolves insects.

The crowns of the former imperial family of Russia are valued at $350,000,000.

Glasgow University, founded in 1450, is the oldest in Scotland, except St. Andrews.

The sting of a large jellyfish may be severe enough to paralyze a swimmer temporarily.

Electric machines for postmarking letters can deal with them at the rate of 800 a minute.

Since there were no table implements in early Greece, gloves were often used to handle hot food.

Autumn foliage coloring is attributed to the decomposition of the green coloring matter.

Buenos Aires has more than 500 drug stores and more than 600 perfume shops and beauty parlors.

Early Rome had no fire insurance agencies, but the sufferers were recompensed by generous citizens.

The male halibut is always much smaller than the female and rarely weighs more than 50 pounds.

Less than 20 amateur transmitting licenses for radio operators have been issued in Australia.

A census in 1920 showed that only 60 per cent of the farms in America were being operated by their owners.

Of 859 motor cars imported into the part of Shanghai during 1921, a total of 469 were American-made machines.

In the largest city of Cuba, Havana, living is very high, a good room in a hotel costing from $8 to $15 a day.

Socrates, the Greek philosopher, was convicted of corrupting the youth of his age and compelled to drink poison.

Copper derives its name from Cyprus, large supplies coming from this island in the old Greek and Roman times.

Leading musicians of Germany were so jealous of Mozart, the composer, that they refused to attend his concerts.

Log rafts with more than 5,000,000 feet of timber in them are towed from Astoria to San Diego, on the Pacific coast.

An Athenian gentleman who went without a walking stick was presumed by the police to be disorderly and fined.

Infantile paralyiss is an infection of the nerve cells in the front part of the spinal cord which control muscle movement.

Dr. Robert H. Babcock, one of the foremost heart specialists of the United States, has been blind since he was 12 years old.

In Japan, in accordance with the reorganization plans proposed by the war office, several generals and other officers holding high commissions in the Japanese army are to be retired.

One of the "secrets of victory" taught to Chinese soldiers follows: "The enemy must be killed. If the rifle is broken, use the butt; if the butt is broken, use the fist; if the fist is broken, use the teeth."

The gross direct money cost of the World war was approximately $223,124,000,000, appropriated about $140,1240,00,000 to the entente allies and the United States, and about $83,347,000,000 to the former central powers.

Mica mining in the United States started early in the nineteenth century in New Hampshire, which state supplied all the domestic production until about 1868, when mining was started in North Carolina and other states.

You can asphyxiate rats that infest the garage by giving them carbon monoxide gas from the engine exhaust, advises a federal bulletin. Attach a rubber hose to the exhaust pipe and put the end into the hole. The gas will kill the rats.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

HIS FATHER'S SIN

BY MARTHA HOLDEN

It was noon and the men employed by the contractor in charge of the paving of one of the city's main streets were just finishing their lunches. A few minutes of rest would be theirs before resuming work. As usual they assembled about one of their number who stood head and shoulders above them all.

He was a giant among his fellows. The muscles of his bare arms rippled beneath smooth skin as he gesticulated. And if you could have run your hands along those arms you would have thought them made of steel, so flesh was so firm and unyielding. Truly Nicholas Voronoff, of Russian parentage, was a big man and a strong man. He could lift easily one of his comrades above his head and throw him many feet away. They knew that too. They had witnessed him do it when first he came on the job.

Steve Petroff, a fellow worker, was a bully and a big one at that. But when he tried to badger young Voronoff the latter made short work of him, and Petroff now moped alone in silence. He was still a bully at heart, but not active. Once more in that gang of workers. Maybe it would have been better if Nick Voronoff had not determined him for a sullen man like Petroff was determined to have revenge. He only waited a good chance.

The men liked Nick, although he was not in their class. Any casual observer could see that. There was a look of superior intelligence on Nick's face. There should be, for he had graduated from college a few months before and was acquiring a little practical experience in engineering, the course he studied in school. That is why he belonged to the paving contractor's gang.

The workers admired him as others had admired him in the past. In college he was a football star. Many times his bull-like rushes and great strength had cleaved a passage through the opposing line for the man with the ball to dash down the field for a touchdown. In the final game of the year Voronoff had been carried from the field while 40,000 raving fans shouted themselves hoarse in praise of the young giant whose playing had made possible a victory over the hated rival eleven. Nick had passed out of football history on a wave of glory and now found himself facing the grim realities of life. But he was determined to conquer them as he had conquered everything before.

One day a man with a lot of time on his hands who liked to watch other men work and who had become an admirer of the big Russian engineer and football hero, noticed a peculiar incident. Nick had left his job for a moment to obtain a drink of water, when some of the children, who daily watched the work of paving, ran to him.

One boy, bolder than the remainder, gently touched Nick's arm, exclaiming, "No, Tom, I told you so. It isn't iron. It's just flesh, but it feels like iron."

As the boy's hand touched Nick's arm Voronoff flinched. He pushed the boy away and retreated from the children without getting his drink. That appeared queer to the observer and he began to watch Nick. The latter seemed to avoid the children every time they drew near. And when any of them approached him his face would whiten, his lips grow pale and he would get nervous.

The sullen Petroff had noticed the same incident, and as he viewed Voronoff's discomfiture a grim smile appeared on his face. There was trouble in the air or Petroff wouldn't smile.

The next day an unusually large group of children had gathered on the sidewalk during the noon hour. Two of them were seen talking to Petroff, a fact that made several of the workers who noticed wonder what had come over the bully. When the men had eaten and began to crowd around Voronoff to hear some more stories from their hero. Petroff was seen to motion toward the children. The latter approached and surged around Nick as if eager to hear what he was saying. One little hand and then another clutched his arm.

Everyone was startled the next moment for Voronoff grew pale as if death were hovering in the offing. His lips compressed into a thin straight line, beads of moisture oozed from the pores of his forehead, his huge fists were clenched tightly together. Suddenly he thrust aside the little ones and rushed headlong down the street. A block distant he was seen to stumble and fall. When the workers reached him he had fainted. The children, frightened, had run to their homes. The men stood aghast, wondering. Only Petroff, with an ugly leer, found his voice.

The bully shouted, "Yes, he's a hero. He's nothing but a big coward. I'll show him when he comes to. He's not going to bully me."

When Nick recovered consciousness, which was soon, he had barely risen to his feet when Petroff hit him on the jaw. Nick staggered backward, took hold of himself and then launched his huge body at Petroff. When the resulting fight was over the bully was lying on the sidewalk and Voronoff was glowering down into his face.

"You big bully," roared Nick, "I may be afraid of children but I'm not afraid of men like you.

"Men," he turned to the crowd, "you saw what happened. Well, I can't help my weakness. It's true that I am afraid of children, but let me tell you the reason.

"You all know I have Russian blood. Well, my father was a general in the czar's army. I will never forget the day when I was a little boy eight years old, the starving peasants in the little town where we were staying one Winter began to talk loudly against the czar and his government. They couldn't help it, they were so hungry and poverty-stricken. But my father heard them. He called out the troops and many of the men, women and children of that village were slain before my eyes at my father's orders. Mother begged him to desist, but no, he wouldn't. He was going to show the 'swine' who was boss. That is why mother deserted him and brought me to America to live with her brother.

"And to this day I shall never forget the curse delivered upon my father as a peasant mother's little baby was torn from her breast and dashed to the ground.

"Shaking her fist in father's face, she screamed, 'You have killed my baby in cold blood. I hope your sin passes down to your children and make them hate you forever. I foresee the ghosts of these little ones you have massacred today haunting you and your children down the ages.'

"That is why, fellow workers, I am afraid of children. My father's sin has passed down to me, his son; and today, in spite of my strength, my physical power, I quail in fear before a little child who draws too near. I am carrying a big load through life. Don't despise me. Sympathize with me."

And Nick Voronoff turned in the other direction, but the looks which the men sent after him showed that they did sympathize with a man who was being punished for the sin of his father.

Caruso's Daughter Likes Sand

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LITTLE GLORIA CARUSO, daughter of the late Enrico Caruso, world-famed tenor, is shown here enjoying herself on the sand at Deauville, France. She is at Deauville this season with her nurse. Probably the litle boys and girls of the Household page would like to be with her in all that nice sand.

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins:

When I grow up to be a big man I guess I won't smoke nothing cause it causes too much trouble. Mamma is always complaining about Papa dropping cigar ashes on the rugs and he always says as an answer that it keeps moths out of them, but Mamma she just laughs and says he can't fool her cause moths can't be scared by nothing, not even moth balls. She says the moths thinks moth balls is candy like I did one when I was a baby and everybody went into conniption fits cause of it.

Every time Papa smokes it seems something happens which causes Mamma to explode. The other day we was driving around in our auto to get some fresh air. Papa was steering and Mamma was driving which is usual according to Papa. Then Papa's cigar went out and he tried to light it again when the match broke and the end that burns fell into his lap and burned a hole in his pants.

Mamma went right up in the air and said there was another pair of pants ruined. Papa said they wasn't ruined at all if Mamma would darn the hole shut but he guessed she wouldn't as somehow she hated to darn anything except him. Then he said he guessed his cigar wouldn't go out and wouldn't need to be lighted again if it was a good cigar. He said he couldn't smoke nothing but cheap ones as the grocery bill was too high. Mamma said, "That's right, blame everything on the grocery bill. A woman always gets it. If you think it can be smaller buy the groceries yourself."

Papa said Mamma wouldn't say that if she thought he would buy the groceries cause she wouldn't never stand for him doing that as that was a woman's job which Mamma liked cause it meant spending money. Then nothing was said and the silence was so terrific Papa found out one of the cylinders or something in the engine was missing and he went back home and said he'd have to work on it. Mamma told him that she might have know he'd find something else to keep him in the garage away from his family for a evening.—Jimmy.

Mixing With Martha

Tomato Jelly Salad.

This is a very popular salad for "special occasions." It is moulded in little tomato-shaped aluminum moulds, so that the jelly resembles a tomato when turned out of the mould onto lettuce. Soak 1¼ tbsp. of granulated gelatine in ½ cup of cold tomato juice until the gelatine swells. In the meantime heat 2 cups of extra tomato juice with 5 whole cloves and ½ tsp. of salt, and after reaching the boiling point, let it continue to boil for 1 minute. Remove the hot juice from the range, add swollen gelatine into it, and stir till gelatine is dissolved. Now strain the liquid into the individual tomato-shaped molds (wet the molds first, by dipping in cold water) and stand in a cool place to become firm. Chill before unmoulding on lettuce leaves. Serve with either boiled or Mayonnaise dressing.

Pear Fritters

Mix and sift 1½ cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder and ¼ teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually 2-3 cupful of milk and then add 1 egg, slightly beaten. Pare 2 large pears, cut in slices and stir fruit into batter. Drop by spoonfuls and fry in deep fat. Serve with hot liquor sauce. For peach fritters use 1⅛ cupfuls of flour.

Excellent Raisin Pie.

One cup each of chopped apples and raisins, ½ cup each of molasses and sugar, 4 dessert spoonfuls of vinegar, 1 egg. Flavor with cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon. You cannot tell this from a mince pie.

Peanut Salad With Bananas.

Slice bananas through the center, spread out on lettuce leaves and sprinkle liberally with chopped peanuts serve with mayonnaise or plain salad dressing.

BOYS AND GIRLS

And this for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill won't still be so;
Clouds will not ever pour down rain;
A sullen day will clear again.
—Herrick.

DISCUSSES SLANG

I want to talk about the use of American slang. I think it would be a fine subject for discussion. I don't mean this imitation cursing which is popularly called slang. I mean the words which actually have a meaning, which are not grammatically correct but which help us express ourselves many times better than correct English words would. They seem to put life into our language which distinguishes it from other languages.

Many of the words now in the dictionary were slang words once and now are perfectly proper and used the most. Then there are words which give more life and spirit to a person. These might come under the saying, "A new broom sweeps clean." They soon fall into disuse and new ones take their places.

On the whole, I think a little bit of good American slang will add instead of detracting interest from anyone's conversation. Some people of course use a surplus. You can always have too much of anything.

Now I will leave, and will bring in more visitors by leaving through a different door from the one I entered. Then we may be able to fill up W. B. and he will be compelled to allow us all to enter.—A Buckeye Bookworm.

A LEGEND

Many years ago, when Indians were the only people living in our beautiful land there were no towns, only lodges and wigwams. There were no streets, only Indian trails winding here and there through forests and over hills. One day a hunter set forth into the forest to search for deer. The forest was very large, so large that it would take a man several days to travel through. The first day the hunter followed the trail of the deer but his swift arrows brought no game.

At sunset a storm came roaring through the forest. There was thunder and rain and the trees swayed and twisted in the wild wind. A tall pine came crashing to earth and pinned the brave hunter beneath. He was not hurt, but he was a prisoner. In spite of his struggles he could not free himself. Three times the sun rose and set, and still the hunter could not get free. He had no food and no water and grew very faint and weak.

On the third day three of the little brothers of the wood, a squirrel, a rabbit and chipmunk, found him. They loved the hunter, for he had always been kind to them. "Let us help you, brave hunter," they said. But they were too small. At first it seemed as if they could do nothing for him.

A gray bird flew down and alighted on a low branch. Then the little brothers of the wood found a piece of smooth birch bark and the hunter cut a message on it in pictures and signs. That was the way the Indians wrote their messages then. The bird took the piece of bark in his bill and flew away, through wind and shadow, sunlight, sunset and dawn. On and on he went with the birch bark held fast in his bill until he came to his journey's end. Then he winged his way into the Indian lodge and laid the bark at the feet of the chief. When the latter had read the message he sent many men who were brave and fleet of foot over the trail to rescue the hunter.

The hunter was safe and happy when the braves found him. He was still pinned beneath the tree, but not in pain, and the little brothers of the wood had brought him berries and kept him company all the time. The rescuers lifted the tree from off the hunter and carried him to his wigwam. To this day the Indians love the pigeon, the beautiful bird that carried the message and that tribe of Indians to which the hunter belonged still draw rough pictures of the messenger bird.—Pandora of W. Va.

BABY TALK

Oo, what a bear! Let me zump in ore lap kick, Aunt Marsa. My sister told me at W. B. meant wild bear, but he wouldn't hurt me if I was dood. I duess mos a cousins is naughty cause they all afraid of him.

Oo, Aunt Marsa, dat a pitties watchie on but it not so big as Daddy's. I don't spec you cousins know I dot a daddy, but I have. He's a bigges daddy an though I love him I mos like his overtoat a bes cause it always dot cany in it. My daddy read a Household Baby's letter to me an I thoughted I ould write to Household Baby. My little finders don't det into much missef an I didn't ever fall downstairs but I dot in a tar wiss Daddy an toot a wide an oo, we flew.

I never hearded a gos story but dhosts is awful mean. Fairies is a nices an pitty butterflies. Doodbye, Household Bay. Did you know I is —Virginia Creeper's Sister.

BIRDS ARE UNLUCKY

I live in a little house among four hills. There are two apple trees in our front yard. A catbird reared her young there last Spring and a pair of bluebirds built their nest in a box we had placed on a pole. In the barn two peewees placed a nest. The first birds they hatched were frozen to death on May 9, and they built again in another part of the barn. A rat killed the father bird and all the young ones. The mother bird built another nest, but the English sparrows robbed it. Now she has a fourth nest, but I don't know whether there are any eggs in it or not.

I have joined the church and am trying to do what is right. I think young people should obey their parents and not get the idea that they know more than mother. Who agrees with me? I try to take the advice of mother because she knows more about what is right and wrong than I. If we would ask God to help us do what is right He will do so. Do I hear some say, "A regular preacher." Maybe it does sound that way, but it is just advice.—Kayoshk, W. Va.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Remove far from me vanity and lies; Give me neither poverty nor riches; Feed me with the food that is needful for me.—Prov. 30:8.

FAVORITES OF CREATION

Birds are the spoiled children of nature, the favorites of creation. Their plumage is resplendent in many cases. They have the happy privilege of moving in space, hunting insects which fit from flower to flower. Mankind cannot help but admire these winged beings which charm at once with the elegance of their form, the melody of their song and the graceful impetuosity of their movements.

They parade around us like fairy spirits, elude approach in an element which defies pursuit, soar out of sight in the yielding sky, journey over our heads in marshaled ranks, meteors in the sunshine of Summer, or, seeking the solitary recesses of the forest or the waters, they glide before us like beings of fancy. They diversify the still landscape with the most lovely motion and beautiful association. They come and go with the change of seasons, and as their actions are directed by an incontrollable instinct of provident nature, they may be considered with the beauty of the surrounding scene.

With what grateful sensations do we hail these faithful messengers of Spring after the lapse of dreary Winter, which compelled them to leave us for more favored climes! How vollitate, how playfully capricious, how musical and happy are these roving sylphs of nature!—C. Gray Wilson of W. Va.

FLOWERS IN ABUNDANCE

As so many of the readers love flowers I will tell about my flower garden. I have a plot of ground entirely devoted to flowers and the pleasure I get out of this garden is beyond words.

In the background I have a solid row of Eulalia Japonica Zebrina (ornamental grass), then a row of perennial phlox and in front of that a row of almost every color of French iris. When in bloom they rival the costliest orchids. Then come my beds of Holland bulbs, beautiful in their season.

I have round and oblong beds with canna in the center and planted around with gladioli and pansies, edged with English primroses in yellow and darker shades. This is the most satisfactory edging plant I have. This brings us to the walk through the garden with pinks, poppies, roses, St. John's wort and others of my favorites.

I have a rose blooming this morning that is surely a beauty. It is a creamy yellow of beautiful form. I am trying out a number of new roses this year and this is one of them. On the other side of the walk are pink, white, red and cream peonies. I have rambler roses on the fence at the lower side of the garden. In between are dahlias, Japanese iris and lilies, with babies' breath as a setting.

On the telephone pole near the entrance are two clematis. Running up a birdhouse pole is a rose. Of couse I have many flowers and edging plants.

I have visions of better things in the future, such as a fountain bird bath, hour-glass and many new plants and shrubs. Every year I send for something new. I also love trees, and have some fine elms and maples. I am now trying to obtain a mountain ash.—Mrs. Gay Conley of W. Va.

W. VA. BIRDS

I have been reading so much bird news in the Blade I get more interested in birds every day. The readers who like birds as well as Aunt Martha had better fly over here among the West Virginia hills in an airplane to see our beautiful birds. You will find me on a level farm with shade trees around the house. In these trees are birds enough to sing a camp meeting song. The prettiest ones we have are of deep red color with black wings and yellow birds with black wings and tail and a black band around their necks. They are not very plentiful, so when we see some we are tempted to watch them until they leave.

We have plenty of sparrows, robins, wrens, sugar birds, peewees, catbirds, bluebirds, orioles, tomtits, mocking birds, yellow hammers, humming birds and blackbirds. Sometimes the blackbirds come in such big flocks that they look like a huge black cloud.

Last year two little wrens made a nest in an abandoned hornet nest, high up under the roof of the house. They raised two broods and when the little ones were big enough to leave the nest they would fly down on the porch roof and walk around. The hornet nest is so high the cats can't reach it.

I think outdoors would be a lonesome place if it weren't for the birds singing their cheerful songs. I like the birds so well I look every week when the paper comes to see if there is any bird news. I don't see how anyone can be hard-hearted enough to kill birds.—Just a Bird Lover from W. Va.

Useful Thumb Tack

Unless the lower hem of a window shade is rather close-fitting, the flat piece of wood run in to hold it even will often work itself out at one end, for several inches. This is especially apt to happen if the shade does not hang precisely straight. A small flat-topped thumb tack, such as draftsmen use, at one corner, on the window side, will hold the wood firmly and not be visible from outside. Thumb tacks are invaluable also for holding firmly in place either paper or cloth used for lining the bottoms of drawers. Being flat, nothing can catch in them. Stores that sell them usually keep, also, a little instrument made for lifting them, saving the breaking of fingernails or knife blade.

Chat With Cousins

Sometimes we think this a nation of critics. Everybody is criticized. Neighbors criticize other neighbors; friends criticize friends; the public criticizes the officials of the nation, state and community; lodge officers are criticized by lodge members; those who get up and speak in meeting are criticized; those who write their opinions are criticized by other writers. And so it goes. The only person who is never criticized is not worth criticizing. Don't be afraid of criticism. Do what you think is best, say what you think is best and let the critics rave. If you never say anything, if you never do anything you won't be criticized, but then you are of no use to anybody. If you have opinions and keep them to yourself, they do no one any good and probably they would help someone. The opinions of some of our cousins have been criticized by other cousins. Yet those who have opinions have a right to express them. They have the right to have opinions. Let's hear from you.

Aunt Martha was the recipient of a missive recently bearing photographs of scenes from the Peninsula State park in Wisconsin. They show to her that Mother Nature is supreme when it comes to creating beauty. We were glad to be able to see these pictures.

Mick of Michigan, Aunt Martha would be glad to do as you request, but that would necessitate the publishing of names and addresses which is not possible any more.

We have a rather long letter from Sympathy about the flapper question but we are not going to print it as we think this question has been fully discussed. She says the flapper is to be pitied rather than censured. Sympathy is the mother of one little boy and three girls and doesn't want to say anything that would discredit some other mother's girls. She is just sorry for the girls and thinks their mothers are too.

Albert Morgan of Georgia, the Blade does not buy poems. When poems are requested on this page they are poems that have been written and which some reader wants to see in print if not copyrighted.

Someone has either been gossiping or else how could Virginia Creeper say this: "I heard that Aunt Martha had eloped with W. B. Perhaps if she marries him she can keep him satisfied with cakes and cookies." Aunt Martha snatched this out of W. B.'s hands. He insisted on devouring it because he's a confirmed bachelor and there are always such rumors about bachelors.

Ophelia S. says she has not yet found the poem she asked for which contains Indian names, although she has noticed other poems about the Indian. She still hopes someone will furnish the poem she wants.

If Aunt Martha married W. B. she would have more trouble than she has now keeping letters out of his hands. He might demand to see all her correspondence as a husband's right. Where would the cousins be then?

As Aunt Martha is writing this a gang of men is at work tearing up the street which her office window overlooks. The street has a concrete foundation, but the old-time wielder of the pick and shovel is absent. Instead, modern machinery takes the place of the men who used to peck away at the hard concrete with their picks. This machine is driven by compressed air and breaks up the concrete as if it were wood. It saves labor. This is the labor saving age, and we appreciate it more when we think of the years it must have taken, centuries ago, to build such places as the Egyptian pyramids and the thousands who must have toiled to complete these monster tombs.

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

Serve cold lamb loaf in a bed of mint leaves.

Shrimp salad is attractive served in tomato cases.

Chopped sweet pickles are good in pressed meat.

A pair of scissors is excellent for removing fish fins.

A custard sauce is nice served with fruit tapioca.

To delight the children, bake their eggs in tomato cups.

Rich puddings and rich cakes should never be served to children.

Old flower-pots can be covered with strips of wall-paper and varnished.

When preparing jellied fish salad line the molds with sliced hard-boiled eggs.

The thoughtful camper sees that all his garbage that cannot be burned is buried.

A wire egg beater is very effective in producing suds when you use soap flakes of any kind.

Stiff-stemmed flowers are best arranged in low bowls of pottery and held in glass or pottery flower holders.

Wedding Anniversaries

For the person who is in doubt as to the appropriate gift for a wedding anniversary, the following list will be useful:

First, cotton; second, paper; third, leather; fifth, wooden; seventh, woolen; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearl; fortieth, ruby; fiftieth, golden; seventy-fifth, diamond.

To Soften a Sponge

Do not throw out the sponge that has become hardened from disuse. Cover it with cold water, add a teaspoonful of borax and boil for one minute in a clean saucepan. Remove the sponge and rub dry borax into it, rinse in cold water and it will be as soft as when purchased.

Pears are delicious cored and baked like ap[illegible]

POETS' CORNER

Uncle Job's Sacrifices

I s'pose it's part of the disease, but still it's queer ter me
The way them poetry fellers praise the things that used ter be;
Yer'd think, ter read the stuff they write, that everything was blue,
And that the good on earth was old and all the bad was new.
They tell yer that no matter where their weary feet may roam,
They'll never find the comfort that was in the "dear old home."
They'll never sleep the way they slept upon the good old bed,
Nor never taste such nectar as the good old pump once shed.

They'll never eat no cake that's light as Grandma's good old loaver,
They'll never see sich fires as roared inside the good old stoves,
And always, at the end, they vow they'd give up fame and gold
Jest once agin ter revel 'mongst them wondrous joys of old.
Well, say! Fer years I've heard 'em groan and sigh and weep and kick,
Till seem's if somethin' should be done ter stop their suff'rin's quick.
And, as one mortal has ter fall t'other one may rise,
I'll heave myself into the breach and be a sacrifice.

I've got a "dear old home" that's got a roof with many a peak,
And every separate gable's got a good old-fashioned leak;
I've got a lot of good old stoves that have the good old ways,
And either freeze yer half ter death or set the house ablaze;
I've got a cornhusk mattress full of nubbles set in rows,
And pumps that's dry all Summer and in Winter time is froze;
In fact there's everything, I jedge, that makes life wuth the while,
And yet I'd give the hull thing up ter make one poet smile.

That is ter say, if one should come who's sick of gold and fame,
Upon my martyr shoulders he can jest unload the same,
And he can take my paradise, with all the ancient charm,
And spend his days in joyful toil upon the "dear old farm."
And, while, amid his comforts, he can gayly scrape and rake
Ter make a decent livin', I my tearful way will take
Up ter the so-did city, where in some hotel—the best—
I'll live by easy stages and enjoy a needed rest.

Catch the Sunshine

Catch the sunshine! tho' it flickers
Thro' a dark and dismal cloud,
Tho' it falls so faint and feeble
On a heart with sorrow bowed;
Catch it quickly! It is passing,
Passing rapidly away;
It has only come to tell you
There is yet a brighter day.

Catch the sunshine! tho' life's temp'st
May unfurl its chilling blast,
Catch the little hopeful straggler!
Storms will not forever last.
Don't give up, and say "forsaken;"
Don't begin to say, "I'm sad!"
Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine!
Catch it! Ah, it seems so glad!

Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there!
Life's a sea of stormy billows,
We must meet them everywhere.
Pass right thro' them! do not tarry,
Overcome the heaving tide,
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

The Old Home Ain't What It Used to Be

Oh! the old home ain't what it used to be;
The banjo and the fiddle has gone,
And no more you hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.
Great changes have come to the poor colored man,
But this change makes him sad and forlorn,
For no more we hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.

Chorus.

No., the old home ain't what it used to be;
The change makes me sad and forlorn,
For no more we hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.

In the fields I've worked when I thought 'twas hard,
But night brought its pleasure and rest,
In the old house down by the river side,
The place of all the world the best.
Oh! where are the children that once used to play
In the lane by the old cabin door?
They are scattered now, and o'er the world they roam,
The old man ne'er will see them more.

Does Jesus Care?

BY REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

Does Jesus care when my heart is pained
Too deeply for mirth and song;
As the burdens press and the cares distress,
And the way grows weary and long?

Chorus.

Oh yes, He cares; I know He cares.
His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are weary, the long nights dreary,
I know my Savior cares.

Does Jesus care when my way is dark
With a nameless dread and fear?
As the daylight fades into deep night shades,
Does He care enough to be near?

Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed
To resist some temptation strong;
When for my deep grief I find no relief,
Tho' my tears flow all the night long?

Does Jesus care when I've said "Goodbye"
To the dearest on earth to me,
And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks—
Is it aught to Him? Does He see?

The Jam at Gerry's Rock

Come all of you, bold shanty boys,
And list while I relate
Concerning a young shanty boy,
And his untimely fate;
Concerning a young river-man,
So manly, true and brave—
'Twas on the jam at Gerry's Rock
He met a watery grave.

It was on Sunday morning,
As you will quickly hear,
Our logs were piled up mountains high,
We could not keep them clear;
Our foreman said: "Turn out, brave boys,
With hearts devoid of fear;
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock,
And for Eganstown we'll steer!"

Now, some of them were willing,
While others they were not,
For to work on jams on Sunday
They did not think 'twe ought;
But six of our Canadian boys
Did volunteer to go,
And break the jam on Gerry's Rock,
With the foreman, young Monroe.

They had not rolled off many logs,
When they heard his clear voice say,
"I'd have you, boys, be on your guard,
For the jam will soon give way."
These words were scarcely spoken,
When the mass did break and go,
And it carried off those six brave youths
And their foreman, Jack Monroe.

When the rest of our brave shanty boys
The sad news came to hear,
In search of their dead comrades
To the river they did steer,
Some of the mangled bodies
A-floating down did go,
While crushed and bleeding near the bank
Was that of young Monroe.

They took him from his watery grave,
Brushed back his raven hair;
There was one fair girl among them
Whose sad cries rent the air—
There was one fair form among them,
A maid from Saginaw town,
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies
For her true love who'd gone down.

Fair Clara was a noble girl,
The river-man's true friend,
She, with her widowed mother, dear,
Lived at the river's bend;
The wages of her own true love,
The "boss" to her did pay;
And the shanty boys for her made up
A generous purse next day.

They buried him with sorrow deep,
'Twas on the first of May;
"Come all of you, bold shanty boys,
And for your comrade pray!"
Engraved upon a hemlock-tree,
That by the grave did grow,
Was the name, and date of the sad, sad fate
Of the shanty boy, Monroe.

Fair Clara did not long survive,
Her heart broke with her grief,
And scarcely two months afterward
Death came to her relief.
And when this time had passed away,
And she was called to go,
Her last request was granted, to
Be laid by young Monroe.

Come, all of you bold shanty boys,
I would have you call and see
Those green mounds by the riverside,
Where grows the hemlock-tree,
The shanty boys have shared off the wood
By the lovers there laid low—
'Twas the handsome Clara Vernon,
And her true love, Jack Monroe.

Bring Flowers

BY W. G. PARK.

Bring of earth's blosoms the fairest,
Born of the sunshine and rain;
Violets, blue from the meadows,
Lilies from valley and plain;
Garlands of roses and laurel,
Wreaths of myrtle and pine;
Emblems of love and affection,
For our dear heroes entwine.

Hail to our nation united,
Land of the loyal and free;
Firm in the strength of its union,
Reaching from sea unto sea;
Hail to its heroes now sleeping,
Honor and love for the brave;
And o'er our noble defenders,
Long may the stars and stripes wave!

Bring of earth's blossoms the fairest,
Born of the sunshine and rain;
Violets blue from the meadows,
Lilies from valley and plain;
Chaplets of myrtle and laurel,
Wreaths of the red, white and blue;
Gems of the beautiful scatter
Over our heroes so true.

Proudly Wave

BY JENNIE WILSON.

Proudly wave, O flag of Freedom,
Fairest emblem e'er unfurled,
Hold thy place with highest honors,
'Mid the standards of the world.

Chorus.

Proudly wave, O flag of Freedom,
Grandly float in starry fold,
'Tis a strong united nation,
That thine honor doth uphold.

Proudly wave o'er every portion
Of our own, dear native land;
Loyal millions will defend thee,
From each foe's despoiling hand.

Proudly wave o'er faithful subjects,
Whose allegiance ne'er will cease;
Float in triumph after warfare
Thro' long happy years of peace.

Stars and Stripes, our loving homage
Will we ever pay to thee;
Over all our cherished country,
Proudly wave from sea to sea.

Poems Wanted

Following are poems requested by Blade readers: "'No Home, No Home,' Said Little Girl;" "There's a Mother Waiting for You," "The Fatal Wedding," "Navajo."

EAT PLENTY OF FISH OFTEN

It is a dependable fact that the average family is not fond of fish. On Friday such a family will eat it—but on other days of the week meat is preferred.

Yet, for reasons of economy, we should eat fish at least twice a week. Many varieties of fish are cheaper than our favorite meats. We should therefore, be glad to eat fish often, rather than only on Fridays.

In Summertime, especially, it is wise for us to eat plenty of fish. For in hot weather we do not need the heavy, red-blooded meats; our stomachs are working under the handicap of exhausting atmospheric heat, and they can more easily digest the simple fish.

Although there are 40 commonly known varieties of edible fish, the average housekeeper is familiar with only a few. This is doubtless because her local market carries only a few kinds (for, in different parts of the country, different kinds of fish are plentiful). Almost all of us, however, are familiar with the following kinds:

The Dark-Fleshed Fish — These are known as the oil-meated fish. They have a rich flavor, for the fat is distributed through the flesh. The best known of this variety are the bluefish, mackerel, shad, salmon, herring, swordfish and sable fish. Because of their own rich flavor, they need very little seasoning (except salt, butter and pepper), and they are best served with the mildly flavored and sweet-juice vegetables such as peas, carrots, beets, greens and asparagus. They need no sauces.

The White-Fleshed Fish, however, need rich butter and oil sauces to make them tempting. The best known of this variety are the flounder, pike, cod, hake, turbot, perch, pollack, striped bass, red snapper, haddock, halibut and whitefish. These are called "lean" and "dry-meated" fish, and they have their fat secreted in the liver. All strong-juiced or acid-flavored vegetables are suitable to serve with them—such as tomatoes, onions, cucumber, green pepper, dandelion greens and chives.

Of course these suggestions are not fixed dietetic laws. If you wish to serve one of the milder flavored vegetables with a white-fleshed fish, you can supply the acid or piquant flavor with a fruit salad or fruit dessert.

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR

Women Tell Each Other How They Have Been Helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Perrysburg, O.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I suffered with pains in my sides all the time. I can't remember just how long I suffered, but it was for some time. One day I was talking with a lady I met on a car, and I told her how I was feeling and she said she had been just like I was with pains and nervous troubles, and she took the Vegetable Compound, and it cured her. So then I went and got some, and I certainly recommend it for it is good. Whenever I see any woman who is sick I try to get her to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. ADA FRICK, Route 3, Perrysburg, Ohio.

In nearly every neighborhood in every town and city in this country there are women who have been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the treatment of ailments peculiar to their sex, and they take pleasure in passing the good word along to other women. Therefore, if you are troubled in this way, why not give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD

By IRVING BACHELLER

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Continued From Last Week

"Barclay, your opinions on this problem remind me of the iron money of Lycurgus," observed Franklin.

The philanthropist desired to know why.

"Because of their bulk. A cart load of them is not worth a shilling."

In all parts of Britain those days one heard much ridicule of the New England home and conscience. Now the ministry and its friends begun to butt their heads against the immovable wall of character which had grown out of them and of which Lord Chatham had said:

"It has made certain of our able men look like school boys."

There was at that time a man of great power whose voice spoke for the soul of England. He had studied the spirit of the New World and probed to its foundations. He will help us to understand the new diplomacy which had filled the ministers with astonishment.

The same week Jack was invited to breakfast with Mr. Edmund Burke and Doctor Franklin. He was awed by the brilliancy of the massive, trumpet-tongued orator and statesman.

He writes: "Burke has a most ungainly figure. His gait is awkward, his gestures clumsy, his eyes are covered with large spectacles. He is careless of his dress. His pockets bulged with papers. He spoke rapidly and with a strong Irish brogue. Power is the thing his face and form express. His knowledge is astounding. It is easy to talk with Franklin, but I could not talk with him. He humbled and embarrassed me. His words shone as they fell from his lips. I can give you but a feeble notion of them. This was his idea, but I remember only a few of his glowing words:

"'I fancy that man, like most inventions, was, at first, a disappointment. There seems to have been some doubt, for a time, as to whether the contrivance could be made to work. In fact, there is good ground for believing that it wouldn't work.

"'It was a failure. The tendency to indolence and folly had to be overcome. Sundry improvements were necessary. An imagination and the love of adventure were added to the great machine. They were the things needed. Not all the friction of hardship and peril could stop it then. From that time, as they say in business, man was a paying institution.

"'The lure of adventure led to the discovery of law and truth. The best child of adventure is revelation. Man is so fashioned that if he can see a glimmer of the truth he seeks, he will make for it no matter what may be in his way. The promise of an exciting time solves the problem of help. America was born of sublime faith and a great adventure—the greatest in history—that of the three caravels. High faith is the great need of the world. Columbus had it, and I think, sir, that the Pilgrims had it and that the same quality of faith is in you. In these dark years you are like the lantern of Pharus to your people.

"'When prodigious things are to be done, how carefully men are prepared and chosen for their doing!'

"He said many things, but these words addressed to my venerable friend impressed me deeply. It occurs to me that Burke has been chosen to speak for the soul of Britain.

"When we think of the choosing of God, who but the sturdy yeomen of our mother land could have withstood the inhospitalities of the New World and established its spirit!

"Now their Son, Benjamin Franklin, full grown in the new school of liberty, has been chosen of God to define the inalienable rights of freemen. I think the stage is being set for the second great adventure in our history. Let us have no fear of it. Our land is sown with the new faith. It can not fail."

This conviction was the result of some rather full days in the British capital.

CHAPTER VIII

An Appointment and a Challenge

Solomon Binkus had left the city with Preston to visit Sir Jeffrey Amherst in his country seat, near London. Sir Benjamin had taken Jack to dine with him at two of his clubs and after dining they had gone to see the great actor Robert Bensley as Malvolio and the Comedian Dodd as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. The Britisher had been most polite, but had seemed studiously to avoid mention of the subject nearest the heart of the young man. After that the latter was invited to a revel and a cock fight, but declined the honor and went to spend an evening with his friend, the philosopher. For days Franklin had been shut in with gout. Jack had found him in his room with one of his feet wrapped in bandages and resting on a chair.

"I am glad you came, my son," said the good Doctor. "I am in need of better company than this foot. Solitude is like water—good for a dip, but you can not live in it. Margaret has been here trying to give me comfort, although she needs it more for herself."

"Margaret!" the boy exclaimed. "Why does she need comfort?"

"Oh, largely on your account, my son! Her father is obdurate and the cause is clear to me. This courtship of yours is taking an international aspect."

He gave his young friend a full account of the night at Lord Howe's and the interviews which had followed it.

"All London knows how I stand now. They will not try again to bribe me. The displeasure of Sir Benjamin will react upon you."

"What shall I do, if he continues to be obdurate?"

"Move my table this way and I'll show you a problem in prudential algebra,' said the philosopher. "It's a way I have of setting down all the factors and striking out those that are equal and arriving at the visible result."

With his pen and a sheet of paper he set down the factors in the problem and his estimate of their relative value.

"Now there is the problem, and while we may differ on the estimates, I think that most sane Americans would agree that the balance is overwhelmingly in favor of throwing off the yoke of tyranny, and asserting your rights, established by agreement as well as by nature. In a like manner I work out all my important problems, so that every factor is visible and subject to change.

"I only fear that I may not be able to provide for her in a suitable manner," said Jack.

"Oh, you are well off," said the philosopher. "You have some capital and recognized talent and occupation for it. When I reached Philadelphia I had an empty stomach and also a Dutch dollar, a few pennies, two soiled shirts and a pair of dirty stockings in my pockets. Many years passed and I had a family before I was as well off as you are."

Dinner was brought in and Jack ate with the Doctor and when the table was cleared they played with magic squares—an invention of the philosopher with which he was wont to divert himself and friends of an evening. When Jack was about to go, the Doctor asked:

"Will you hand me that little red book? I wish to put down a credit mark to my conscience. This old foot of mine has been rather impudent today. There have been moments when I could have expressed my opinion of it with joyous violence. But I did not. I let it carry on like a tinker in a public house, and never said a word."

He showed the boy an interesting table containing the days of the week, at the head of seven columns, and opposite cross-columns below were the virtues he aimed to acquire—patience, temperance, frugality and the like. The book contained a table for every week in the year. It had been his practice, at the end of each day, to enter a black mark opposite the virtues in which he had failed.

It was a curious and impressive document—a frank, candid record in black and white of the history of a human soul. To Jack it had a sacred aspect like the story of the trials of Job.

"I begin to understand how you have built up this wonderful structure we call Franklin," he said.

"Oh, it is but a poor and shaky thing at best, likely to tumble in a high wind—but some work has gone into it," said the old gentleman. "You see these white pages are rather spotted, but when I look over the history of my spirit, as I do now and then, I observe that the pages are slowly getting cleaner. There is not so much ink on them as there used to be. You see I was once a free thinker. I had no gods to bother me, and my friends were of the same stripe. In time I discovered that they were a lot of scamps and that I was little better. I found myself in the wrong road and immediately faced about. Then I began keeping these tables. They have been a help to me."

This reminded Jack of the evil words of the melancholy Mr. Pinhorn which had been so promptly rebuked by his friend John Adams on the ride to Philadelphia. The young man made a copy of one of the tables and was saying good night to his venerable friend when the latter remarked:

"I shall go to Sir John Pringle's in the morning for advice. He is a noted physician. My man will be having a day off. Could you go with me at ten?"

"Gladly," said Jack.

"Then I shall pick you up at your lodgings. You will see your rival at Pringle's. He is at home on leave and has been going to Sir John's office every Tuesday morning at ten-thirty with his father, General Clarke, a gruff, gouty old hero of the French and Indian wars and an aggressive Tory. He is forever tossing and goring the Whigs. It may be the only chance you will have to see that rival of yours. He is a handsome lad."

Doctor Franklin, with his crutch beside him in the cab, called for his young friend at the house appointed.

"I go to his office when I have need of his advice," said the Doctor. "If ever he came to me, the wretch would charge me two guineas. We have much argument over the processes of life in the human body, of which I have gained some little knowledge. Often he flatters me by seeking my counsel in difficult cases."

The office of the Doctor Baronet was on the first floor of a large building in Gough Square, Fleet street. A number of gentlemen sat in comfortable chairs in a large waiting room.

"Sir John will see you in a moment, sir," an attendant said to Doctor Franklin as they entered. The moment was a very long one.

"In London there are many people who disagree with the clock," Franklin laughed. "In this office even the moments have the gout. They limp along with slow feet."

It was a gloomy room. The chairs, lounges and tables had a venerable look like that of the men who came there with warped legs and old mahogany faces. The red rug and hangings suggested "the effect of old port on the human countenance, being of a hue like unto that of many cheeks and noses in the waiting company," as the young man wrote. The door to the private room of the great physician creaked on its hinges with a kind of groan when he came out accompanied by a limping patient.

"Wait here for a minute—a gout minute," said Franklin to his young friend. "When Pringle dismisses me, I will present you."

Jack sat and waited while the room filled with ruddy, crotchety gentlemen supported by canes or crutches—elderly, old and of middle age. Among those of the latter class was a giant of a man, erect and dignified, accompanied by a big blond youngster in a lieutenant's uniform. He sat down and began to talk with another patient of the troubles in America.

"I see the damned Yankees have thrown another cargo of tea overboard," said he in a tone of anger. "This time it was in Cape Cod. We must give those Yahoos a lesson."

Jack surmised now that here was the aggressive Tory General of whom the Doctor had spoken and that the young man was his son.

"I fear that it would be a costly business sending men to fight across three thousand miles of sea," said the other.

"Bosh! There is not one Yankee in a hundred that has the courage of a rabbit. With a thousand British grenadiers, I would undertake to go from one end of America to another and amputate the heads of the males, partly by force and partly by coaxing."

A laugh followed these insulting words. Jack Irons rose quickly and approached the man who had uttered them. The young American was angry, but he managed to say with good composure:

"I am an American, sir, and I demand a retraction of those words or a chance to match my courage against yours."

A murmur of surprise greeted his challenge.

The Britisher turned quickly with color mounting to his brow and surveyed the sturdy form of the young man.

"I take back nothing that I say," he declared.

"Then, in behalf of my slandered countrymen, I demand the right to fight you or any Britisher who has the courage to take up your quarrel."

Jack Irons had spoken calmly like one who had weighed his words.

The young lieutenant who had entered the room with the fiery, middle-aged Britisher, rose and faced the American and said:

"I will take up his quarrel, sir. Here is my card."

"And here is mine," said Jack. "When will you be at home?"

"At noon tomorrow."

"Some friend of mine will call upon you," Jack assured the other.

A look of surprise came to the face of the Lieutenant as he surveyed the card in his hand. Jack was prepared for the name he read which was Lionel Clarke.

Franklin wrote some weeks later in a letter to John Irons of Albany: "When I came out of the physician's office I saw nothing in Jack's face and manner to suggest the serious proceeding he had entered upon. If I had, or if some one had dropped a hint to me, I should have done what I could to prevent this unfortunate affair. He chatted with Sir John a moment and we went out as if nothing had happened. On the way to my house we talked of the good weather we were having, of the late news from America and of my summons to appear before the Privy Council. He betrayed no sign of the folly which was on foot. I saw him only once after he helped me into the house and left me to go to his lodgings. But often I find myself thinking of his handsome face and heroic figure and gentle voice and hand. He was like a loving son to me."

That evening Solomon arrived with Preston.

Solomon gave a whistle of relief as he entered their lodging on Bloomsbury Square and dropped into a chair.

"Wal, sir! We been flyin' around as brisk as a bee," he remarked. "I feel as if I had spraint one leg and spavined t'other. The sun was over the fore-yard when we got back, and since then, we went to see the wild animals, a hip-pottermas, an' lions an' tigers, an' snakes, an' a bird with a neck as long as a hoe handle, an' a head like a tommyhawk. I wouldn't wonder if he could peck some, an' they say he can fetch a kick that would knock a hoss down. Gosh! I kind o' felt fer my gun! Gol darn his pictur'! Think o' bein' kicked by a bird an' havin' to be picked up an' carried off to be mended. We took a long, crooked trail hum an' walked all the way. It's o' hard footin'."

Solomon spoke with the animation of a boy. At last he found something in London which had pleased and excited him.

"Did you have a good time at Sir Jeffrey's?" the young man asked.

"Better'n a barn raisin'! Say, hones', I never seen nothin' like it —'twere so blandiferous! At fust I were a leetle bit like a man tied to a tree—felt so helpless an' unsart'in. Didn't know what were goin' to happen. Then ol' Jeff come an' ontied me, as ye might say, an' I 'gun to feel right. 'Course Preston tol' me not to be skeered—that the doin's would be friendly, an' they was. Gol darn my pictur'! I'll bet a pint o' powder an' a fish hook thar ain't no nicer womern in this world than ol' Jeff's wife—not one. I give her my jack-knife. She ast me fer it. 'Twere a good knife; but I were glad to give it to her. Gosh! I dunno what she wants to do with it. Mebbe she likes to whittle. They's some does. I kind o' like it myself. I warned her to be keerful not to cut herself 'cause 'twere sharper'n the tooth o' a weasel. The vittles was tasty—no common ven'son er moose meat, but the best roast beef, an' ham an' jest 'nough Santa Cruz rum to keep the timber floatin'!' They snickered when I tol' 'em I'd take my tea bar' foot. I set 'mongst a lot o' young folks, mostly gals, full o' laugh an' ginger, an' as purty to look at as a flock o' red birds, an' I sot thar tellin' stories 'bout the Injun wars, an' bear, an' moose, an' painters till the moon were down an' a clock hollered one. Then I let each o' them gals snip off a grab o' my hair. I dunno what they wanted to do with it, but they 'pear to be as fond o' takin' hair as Injuns. Mebbe 'twas fer good luck. I wouldn't wonder if my head looks like it was shingled! Ayes! I had an almighty good time.

"These 'ere British is good folks as fur as I've been able to look 'em over. It's the gov'ment that's down on us an' the gov'ment ain't the people—you hear to me. They's lots o' good, friendly folks here, but I'm ready to go hum. They's a ship leaves Dover Thursday 'fore sunrise an' my name is put down."

Jack told them in detail of the unfortunate event of the morning.

Solomon whistled while his face began to get ready for a shot.

"Neevarious!" he exclaimed. "Here's suthin' that'll have to be 'tended to 'fore I take the water."

"Clarke is full of hartshorn and vinegar," said Preston. "He was like that in America. He could make more trouble in ten minutes than a regiment could mend in a year. He is what you would call 'a mean cuss.' But for him and Lord Cornwallis, I should be back in the service. They blame me for the present posture of affairs in America."

"Jack, I'm glad that young pup ain't me," said Solomon. "Thar never was a man better cocalated to please a friend er hurt an enemy. If he was to say pistols I guess that ol' sling o' yours would bu'st out laughin' an' I ain't no idee he could stan' a minnit in front o' your hanger."

"It's bad business, and especially for you," said Preston. "Dueling is not so much in favor here as in France. Of course there are duels but the best people in England are set against the practice. You would be sure to get the worst of it. The old General is a favorite of the King. He is booked for knighthood. If you were to kill his son in the present state of feeling here, your neck would be in danger. If you were to injure him you would have to make a lucky escape, or go to prison. It is not a pleasant outlook for one who is engaged to an English girl. He has a great advantage over you."

"True, but it gives me a better chance to vindicate the courage of an American. I shall fight. I would rather die than lie down to such an insult. There has been too much of that kind of talk here. It can not go on in my hearing without being trumped. If I were capable of taking such an insult, I could never again face the girl I love. There must be an apology as public as the insult or a fight. I don't want to kill my man, but I must show them that their cap doesn't fit me."

Jack and Solomon sat up late. The young man had tried to see Margaret that evening, but the door boy at Sir Benjamin's had informed him that the family was not at home. He rightly suspected that the boy had done this under orders from the Baronet. He wrote a long letter to the girl apprising her of late developments in the relations of the ministry and Doctor Franklin, regarding which the latter desired no secrecy, and of his own unhappy situation.

"If I could bear such an insult in silence," he added, "I should be unworthy of the fairest and dearest girl on earth. With such an estimate of you, I must keep myself in good countenance. Whatever happens, be sure that I am loving you with all my heart, and longing for the time when I can make you my wife."

This letter he put into his pocket with the purpose of asking Preston to deliver it if circumstances should drive him out of England or into prison.

Captain Preston went with Solomon Binkus next day to the address on the card of Lieutenant Clarke. It was the house of the General, who was waiting with his son in the reception room. They walked together to the Almack Club. The General was self-contained. It would seem that his bad opinion of Yankees was not quite so comprehensive as it had been. The whole proceeding went forward with the utmost politeness.

"General, Mr. Binkus and John Irons, Jr., are my friends," said Captain Preston.

"Indeed!" the General answered. "Yes, and they are friends of England. They saved my neck in America. I have assured young Irons that your words, if they were correctly reported to me, were spoken in haste, and that they do not express your real opinion."

"And what, sir, were the words reported to you?" the General said.

Preston repeated them.

"That is my opinion."

"It is mine, also," young Clarke declared.

Solomon's face changed quickly. He took deliberate aim at the enemy and drawled:

"Can't be yer opinion is wuth more than the lives o' these young fellers that's goin' to fight."

"Gentlemen, you will save time by dropping all thought of apologies," said the General.

"Then it only remains for you to choose your weapons and agree with us as to time and place," said Preston.

"I choose pistols," said the young Britisher. "The time and place may suit your convenience, so it be soon and not too far away."

"Let us say the cow wallow on Shooter's Hill, near the oaks, at sunrise tomorrow," Preston proposed.

"I agree," the Lieutenant answered.

"Whatever comes of it, let us have secrecy and all possible protection from each side to the other when the affair is ended," said Preston.

"I agree to that also," was the answer of young Clarke.

When they were leaving Solomon said to Preston: "That 'ere Gin'ral is as big as Goliar."

CHAPTER IX

The Encounter

Solomon, Jack and their friend left London that afternoon in the saddle and took lodgings at The Rose and Garter, less than a mile from the scene appointed for the encounter. That morning the Americans had sent a friend of Preston by post chaise to Deal, with Solomon's luggage. Preston had also engaged the celebrated surgeon, Doctor Brooks, to spend the night with them so that he would be sure to be on hand in the morning. The doctor had officiated at no less than a dozen duels and enjoyed these affairs so keenly that he was glad to give his help without a fee. The party had gone out in the saddle because Preston had said that the horses might be useful.

So, having discussed the perils of the immediate future, they had done all it was in their power to do to prepare for them. Late that evening the General and his son and four other gentlemen arrived at The Rose and Garter. Certain of them had spent the afternoon in the neighborhood shooting birds and rabbits.

Solomon got Jack to bed early and sat for a time in their room tinkering with the pistols. When the locks were working "right," as he put it, he polished their grips and barrels.

"Now I reckon they'll speak out when ye pull the trigger," he said to Jack. "An' yer eyesight 'll skate erlong easy on the top o' them bar'ls."

"It's a miserable kind of business," said the young man, who was lying in bed and looking at his friend. "We Americans have a rather hard time of it, I say. Life is a fight from beginning to end. We have had to fight the wilderness for our land and with the Indians and French for our lives, and now the British come along and tell us what we must and mustn't do, and burn up our houses."

"An' spit on us an' talk as if we was a lot o' boar pigs," said Solomon. "But ol' Jeff tol' me 'twere the King an' his crowd that was makin' all the trouble."

"Well, the King and his army can make us trouble enough," Jack answered. "It's as necessary for an American to know how to fight as to know how to walk."

"Now ye stop worryin an" go to sleep 'er I'll take ye crost my knee," said Solomon. "They ain't goin' to be no great damage done, not if ye do as I tell ye. I've been an' looked the ground over an' if we have to leg it, I know which way to go."

Solomon had heard from Preston that evening that the Lieutenant was the best pistol shot in his regiment, but he kept the gossip to himself, knowing it would not improve the aim of his young friend. But Solomon was made uneasy by this report.

"My boy kin throw a bullet straight as a plumb line an' quick as lightnin'," he had said to Preston. "It's as nat'ral fer him as drawin' his breath. That 'ere chap may git bored 'fore he has time to pull. I ain't much skeered."

Jack was nervous, although not from fear. His estimate of the value of human life had been increased by his affection for Margaret. When Solomon had gone to bed and the lights were blown, the young man felt every side of his predicament to see if there were any peaceable way out of it. For hours he labored with this hopeless task, until he fell into a troubled sleep, in which he saw great battalions marching toward each other. On one side, the figures of himself and Solomon were repeated thousands of times, and on the other was a host of Lionel Clarkes.

The words came to his ear: "My son, we're goin' to fight the first battle o' the war."

Jack awoke suddenly and opened his eyes. The candle was lighted. Solomon was leaning over him. He was drawing on his trousers.

"Come, my son," said the scout in a gentle voice. "They ain't a cloud an' the moon has got a smile on her face. Come, my young David. Here's the breeches an' the purty stockin's an' shoes, an' the lily white shirt. Slip 'em on an' we'll kneel down an' have a word o' prayer. This 'ere ain't no common fight. It's a battle with tyranny. It's like the fight o' David an' Goliar. Here's yer ol' sling waitin' fer ye!"

Solomon felt the pistols and stroked their grips with a loving hand.

Side by side they knelt by the bed together for a moment of silent prayer.

Others were stirring in the inn. They could hear footsteps and low voices in a room near them. Jack put on his suit of brown velvet and his white silk stockings and best linen, which he had brought in a small bag. Jack was looking at the pistols, when there came a rap at the door. Preston entered with Doctor Brooks.

"We are to go out quietly ahead of the others," said the Captain. "They will follow in five minutes."

Solomon had put on the old hanger which had come to England with him in his box. He put the pistols in his pocket and they left the inn by a rear door. A groom was waiting there with the horses saddled and bridled. They mounted them and rode to the field of honor. When they dismounted on the ground chosen, the day was dawning, but the great oaks were still waist deep in gloom. It was cold.

Preston called his friends to his side and said:

"You will fight at twenty paces. I shall count three and when I drop my handkerchief you are both to fire."

Solomon turned to Jack and said: "If ye fire quick mebbe ye'll take the crook out o' his finger 'fore it has time to pull."

The other party was coming. There were six men in it. The General and his son and one other were in military dress. The General was chatting with a friend. The pistols were loaded by Solomon and General Clarke, while each watched the other. The Lieutenant's friends and seconds stood close together laughing at some jest.

"That's funny, I'll say, what—what!" said one of the gentlemen.

Jack turned to look at him, for there had been a curious inflection in his "what, what!" He was a stout, highly colored man with large, staring gray eyes. The young American wondered where he had seen him before.

Preston paced the ground and laid down strips of white ribband marking the distance which was to separate the principals. He summoned the young men and said. "Gentlemen, is there no way in which your honor can be satisfied without fighting?"

They shook their heads.

"Your stations have been chosen by lot. Irons, yours is there. Take your ground, gentlemen."

The young men walked to their places and at this point the graphic Major Solomon Binkus, whose keen eyes observed every detail of the scene, is able to assume the position of narrator, the words which follow being from a letter he wrote to John Irons of Albany.

"Our young David stood up thar as straight an' han'some as a young spruce on a still day—not a quiver in any twig. The Clarke boy was a leetle pale an' when he raised his pistol I could see a twitch in his lips. He looked kind o' stiff. I see they was one thing 'bout shootin' he hadn't learnt. It don't do to tighten up. I were skeered—I don't deny it —'cause a gun don't allus have to be p'inted careful to kill a man.

"We all stood watchin' every move. I could hear a bird singin' twenty rod—'twere that still. Preston stood a leetle out o' line 'bout half-way betwixt 'em. Up come his hand with the han'kercief in it. Then Jack raised his pistol and took a peek down the line he wanted. The han'kerchief was in the air. Don't seem so it had fell an inch when the pistols went pop! pop! Jack's hollered fust. Clarke's pistol fell. His arm dropped an' swung limp as a rope's end. His hand turned red an' blood began to spurt above it. I see Jack's bullet had jumped into his right wrist an' tore it wide open. The Lieutenant staggered, bleedin' like a stuck whale. He'd 'a' gone to the ground but his friends grabbed him. I run to Jack.

"'Be ye hit?' I says.

"'I think his bullet teched me a little on the top o' the left shoulder,' says he.

"'I see his coat were tore an' we took it off an' the jacket, an' I ripped the shirt some an' see that the bullet had kind o' scuffed its foot on him goin' by, an' left a track in the skin. It didn't mount to nothin'. The Doctor washed it off an' put a plaster on.

"'Looks is if he'd drawed a line on yer heart an' yer bullet had lifted his aim,' I says. 'Ye shoot quick, Jack, an' mebbe that's what saved ye.'

"It looked kind o' neevarious like that 'ere Englishman had intended they was goin' to be one Yankee less. Jack put on his jacket an' his coat an' we stepped over to see how they was gettin' erlong with the other feller. The two doctors was tryin' fer to fix his arm and he were groanin' severe. Jack leaned over and looked down at him.

"'I'm sorry,' he says. 'Is there anything I can do?'

"'No, sir. You've done enuff,' growled the old General.

"One o' his party stepped up to Jack. He were dressed like a high-up officer in the army. They was a cur'ous look in his eyes—kind o' skeered like. Seemed so I'd seen him afore somewheres.

"'I fancy ye're a good shot, sir—a good shot, sir—what—what?' he says to Jack, an' the words come as fast as a bird's twitter.

"'I've had a lot o' practise,' says our boy.

"'Kin ye kill that bird—what—what?' says he, p'intin' at a hawk that were a-cuttin' circles in the air.

"'If he comes clus' 'nough,' says Jack.

"I passed him the loaded pistol. In 'bout two seconds he lift it and bang she went, an' down come the hawk.

"'Them fellers all looked at one 'nother.

"'Gin'ral, shake hands with this 'ere boy,' says the man with the skeered eyes. 'If he is a Yankee he's a decent lad—what—what?'

"The Gin'ral shook hands with Jack an', says he: 'Young man, I have no doubt o' yer courage or yer decency.'

"A grand pair o' hosses an' a closed coach druv up an' the ol' what-whatter an' two other men got into it an' hustled off 'cross the field towards the pike which it looked as if they was in a hurry. 'Fore he were out o' sight a military am'blance druv up. Preston come over to us an' says he:

"'We better be goin'.'

"'Do you know who he were?' asks Jack.

"'If ye know ye better fergit it,' says Preston.

"'How could I? He were the King o' England,' says Jack. 'I knowed him by the look o' his eyes.'

"'Sart'in-sure,' says I. 'He's the man that was bein' toted in a chair.'

"'Hush! I tell ye to fergit it,' says Preston.

"'I can fergit all but the fact that he behaved like a gentleman,' says Jack.

"'I 'spose he were usin' his private brain,' says I."

This, with some slight changes in spelling, paragraphing and punctuation, is the account which Solomon Binkus gave of the most exciting adventure these two friends had met with.

To Be Continued

An average of one out of every seven hogs slaughtered in establishments under federal inspection last year showed marks of tuberculosis.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

If you want extreme style you will find it in the sleeveless dress pattern shown in No. 1844. It looks cool, doesn't it? If any of you have time to play golf you'll need a golf coat as well as a few clubs, so observe No. 1852. Other patterns shown are a dress for the woman of generous proportions, a dainty slip, a frock for the young girl and rompers for the mud pie maker.

No. 1514—Undergarment—The pattern No. 1514 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the slip in the 36-inch size will require 2⅞ yards of 32 or 36-inch material.

No. 1852—Golf Coat—You can obtain patterns of No. 1852 in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, only 2⅛ yards of angora, which comes 27 inches wide, or 1¼ yard 40 or 42-inch material, is needed. The blouse pattern can be had in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. The sleeveless coat and blouse patterns are separate.

No. 1815—Comfy Rompers—In this romper, little brother or sister could be assured of a good time—why there aren't even any sleeves to bother about. Of course, if you wished, you might have them, for the pattern provides for little elbow length sleeves. The pattern cuts in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. The 4-year size requires 1¼ yards of material 40 inches wide with 1½ yards of ruffling.

No. 1844—Sleeveless Vogue Pattern No. 1844 cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, as shown in large view, 2⅞ yards of material 32 or 42 inches wide is needed. With flounce, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material is required.

No. 1814—Girls' Frock—The pattern No. 1814 cuts in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material, 2⅞ yards of lace edging and 1¼ yards of lace insertion for the skirt.

No. 1809—Makes You Look Slim—If you are generously proportioned you cannot fail to see the thinning possibilities that lie in this style. The collar is becomingly cut to the waistline and the sleeves which may be long or short, are set into well sloped armholes. The side panels contribute dignity and grace. The dress pattern No. 1809 is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size 4⅝ yards of 40-inch material with ⅞ yard of 36-inch contrasting is required.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

MUTT AND JEFF— They Ought to Slip Some Integro to the Grand Jury — By "BUD" FISHER

THESE CIGARS LOOK ALIKE BUT ONE IS LOADED WITH INTEGRO, THE STUFF THAT MAKES A PERSON TELL THE TRUTH! I'M GONNA SLIP IT TO MUTT AND THEN HE'LL TELL ME MISS SCHULTZ'S REAL PHONE NUMBER AND NO. LIE ABOUT IT
HAVE A SMOKE, MUTT! AND EXCUSE ME A MOMENT WHILE I STEP IN THE NEXT ROOM!
FINE! I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR PAST LIFE SO DON'T LINGER LONG!
I'LL LET HIM SMOKE UP FOR A FEW MINUTES UNTIL THE INTEGRO GETS IN ITS WORK! AND I SHOULD WORRY ABOUT HIS QUESTIONS ABOUT MY PAST LIFE! I'LL LIE IF NECESSARY!
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, I GAVE MUTT THE WRONG CIGAR! AND HE'S GONNA ASK ME ABOUT MY PAST LIFE!
DOPED WITH INTEGRO
HALF AN HOUR'S PASSED! I WONDER WHAT'S DETAINING JEFF?
GAS!
ZZZZ
BLUB!
?
309

Child-birth

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers!

When the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says:

"With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse, and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used Mother's Friend and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I was so very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes." Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA 46, Atlanta, Ga., for a free illustrated book containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all drug stores—everywhere.

BRYAN IS NOT FOR UNDERWOOD

Says White House "Hope" Is Wetter Than Gov. Al Smith.

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William Jennings Bryan does not believe that Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama will be selected as the Democratic presidential candidate in 1924.

He made this plain in an exclusive statement issued from his home in Miami, Fla., and he served notice at the same time that he would oppose Underwood in the primaries and in the national convention next Spring because he represents "Wall street and the wets."

Though he has been three times defeated for the presidency while carrying the Democratic standard, Col. Bryan still has an influential following within the party and his views are expected to have an important bearing on the construction of the Democratic platform next year and the naming of the party's presidential candidate.

Brings Fight Into the Open.

Bryan chose to throw his bombshell into the Underwood camp just as the friends of the Alabama senator were assuring themselves that he had placed himself in a position to win the votes of the "drys" by announcing that he stood for enforcement of the Volstead act even if he had been against prohibition when the question was before congress. They had been re-assured, too, because Senator Underwood, as soon as he had announced his candidacy on Tuesday, received the public endorsement of the Anti-Saloon League of Alabama, regardless of his "wet" record.

But Colonel Bryan has now brought the wet and dry issue within the Democratic party squarely into the open. He has served notice that there will be a bitter fight to keep the party "dry," and he thinks that Senator Underwood is "wetter" than Governor Alfred Smith of New York.

Bryan sees no objection to a Southern man as the party's presidential candidate, but he does not think Senator Underwood is available timber, "nominating" instead former secretary of the navy Josephus Daniels of North Carolina, former governor Braxton Bragg Comer of Alabama or Governor Pat Neff of Texas.

"Senator Underwood's availability," Bryan declared, "will depend entirely upon the platform adopted next year.

Warns Against Wall Street.

"If Wall street and the 'wets' control the convention and write the platform they will doubtless regard Senator Underwood as the logical candidate. He is wetter than Governor Smith and has for a longer time been the spokesman of that element. He also represents the Wall street point of view on public questions.

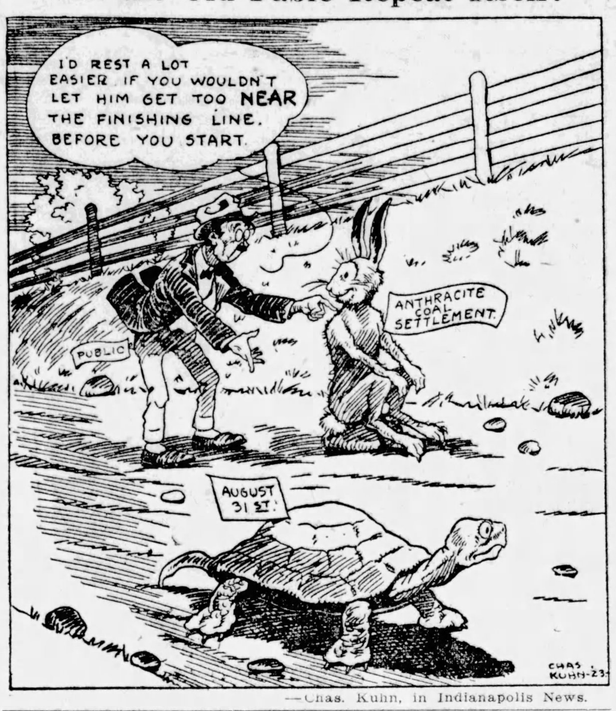
"But Wall street and the wets are not likely to control the next convention.

"There is no objection to a Southern candidate and there are many prominent Southern Democrats who are in sympathy with the sentiment of the Democratic party.

"Why not select one of these, for instance, Daniels of North Carolina, Comer of Alabama or Neff of Texas? Every Southern state can furnish an available progressive Democrat who is able to poll several million more votes than Senator Underwood. He was not available in 1912 and is much less available now."

Colonel Bryan is the first outstanding Democratic leader to come out in opposition to Senator Underwood's candidacy. It was pointed out here that in suggesting possible Southern Democrats to run for the nomination in 1924 he did not refer to William Gibbs McAdoo, probably because he is now more closely identified with the far west, although a native of Georgia, and a former resident of Tennessee.

Will the Old Fable Repeat Itself?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—Chas. Kuhn, in Indianapolis News.

FANATICAL CHIEFTAIN, HATER OF AMERICANS, IS KILLED IN BATTLE

Acbara, self-styled "anointed of the Lord," lies dead with some 50 of his fanatical followers. Several score more of his band are being held to face charges of sedition, and all but a few of the minor followers have surrendered rather than run the risk of being hunted down and shot in the hills and jungles of the island of Pata, in the Sulu archipelago. Constabulary forces have dealt successfully with what is the most serious defiance of government authority in Moroland for a number of years.

The movement, being originally limited to some 400 men and women, had little real political significance, but this only because the government acted promptly and so prevented other disgruntled Moros from joining the band of fanatics. The total number actually involved was between 400 and 500, although early accounts indicated nearly 1,000.

Acbara, who was a petty chieftain, some months ago, announced that he had received a holy revelation and that the God of the Moslems had decreed that all Americans and Christian Filipinos must be driven from the Moro country. He evolved a peculiar ritual and resorted to the rather common practice of religious fakirs in the islands of furnishing the faithful with charms which would serve to make them safe from the weapons of the unbelievers.

Officials Force Issue.

Several attempts were made by the provincial governor and by constabulary officials to have the band surrender on promise of immunity from prosecution, but Acbara and his men seemingly misunderstood the motives behind such an offer and accepted it as an evidence of governmental weakness. May 28 was set for final surrender, after a brush with Acbara's men on May 19 had resulted in some fatalities. Few surrendered however, and Colonel Waloe, constabulary commander for the District of Mindanao, gave orders to force the issue.

At 3 A. M. recently 112 constabulary soldiers broke camp and started for the stronghold in the hills, and at daylight reached the first of a series of three hills fortified by the Moros. It happened that on the summit of this particular hill is where Acbara is said to have received his divine revelation. Here a halt was made, and a final demand for surrender sent in. Only a few responded.

Orders for the attack then were given, and the first hill line was taken with a rush, about a score of the defenders falling.

On the summit of the second hill was entrenched Mutala, chief lieutenant of Acbara. No resistance was met here, and the soldiers advanced for the final assault on the Acbara stronghold.

It was found that a large number of women and children had sought refuge there, and another halt was called while word was sent in that an opportunity would be given these to withdraw before the attack started. During the interim it was learned that Acbara and one of his lieutenants had deserted the stronghold and had sought safety in the hills behind them. The wait was for three hours, after which an attack was ordered, only a few stragglers having taken advantage of the offer to surrender.

Orders were given to shoot only at men, but an attack was unnecesary, as the Moros started the first rush from the protection of the cotta. One narrow pass presented the only road of escape, and as fighting men filed through this they were picked off without mercy. Women and old men, as well as children, were spared by the order of Major Stevens, who was in active command of the constabulary.

On the following day the troops pressed forward, and soon located the hiding place of Acbara. Here his leading henchmen were killed or captured after a short fight, which resulted in no casualties, so far as the constabulary was concerned. Acbara himself escaped, only to be killed by a patrol sent out to locate the remains of the band.

Government officials, who for the last six weeks have been watching the effect of this smashing defeat, believe that it spells the end of organized resistance to government in the Moro country, as the lesson has been severe enough to impress most of the Moros who might be counted upon to stir up trouble.

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Falling Birth Rate Is Blow to France

The peril of a greater, stronger Germany by sheer force of numbers, looms increasingly large in the pessimism of French sociologists studying the shrinking birthrate of their country.

The increase of 160,000 in population for 1920, small as it was, aroused the hope of the government and the public, for it was generally believed that the rush of war-tired soldiers and women, anxious to marry and establish homes, was the turning point. They have been disappointed. The next excess of births over deaths the following year was only 9,000 and the results of last year, still being tabulated, are rather dreaded by sociologists and economists.

President Millerand not long ago spoke of the birth rate question as "that of life itself for France." His efforts, he said, were devoted to furthering the creation of homes and the rearing of children.

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Early Marriages Are Approved by Sociologist; Says Wives Save Money

"The young men of today who marry early in life are better able to provide for wives than the young men of 50 years ago."

Professor William A. Lewis of the Kansas City Junior college, says so. And Professor Lewis, who has been interested in social welfare work for nearly 50 years, claims he knows.

"And another thing—the age of marriage is actually decreasing instead of increasing, as some writers would have us believe," Professor Lewis continues.

Premium paid for youth is the reason, he believes.

More Opportunity Today.

"The young man of today has a chance so much greater than the young man of yesterday that there can be no comparison. Young blood and young brains are wanted. Men are willing to pay for them. We have more independence, bigger bank accounts and earlier marriages for the youth of today," he said.

Lewis praised the teaching of home economics in the schools and the discussion of economic problems in general.

"There are fewer girl wasters when it comes to problems of household upkeep than there were 50 years ago, too," he declared. "Home economics and scientific housekeeping have done that for girls. The time before she gets married is when a girl gets in all of her wasting, frivolous spending and foolishness. While she's spending papa's money it's all right—but when it's her hubby's—she freezes on to it good and hard."

Evolution in sociological thought was discussed by Professor Lewis.

"When we stop to think back it seems strange the way people suppressed the discussion of social questions and problems a few years ago, as though there was something disgraceful about them.

Children Hear Problems.

"Marriage and divorce are openly discussed now, not only in the family circle, but in the churches and schools. Children are taught to reason out the logical causes and results in the life problems which confront them, instead of being taught to turn a deaf ear and a blind eye to them.

"The result has been happier marriages, as well as earlier marriages, I realize early in life what the big world is all about and they are happier, as a general rule, for the knowledge."

Ching-Noung is reputed to have been the original teacher of how to make bread from wheat and wine from rice, about 1998 B. C. Baking of bread was known in patriarchal times and became a profession in Rome in 170 B. C.

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28x3	$ 5.80 $ 8.60	32x4½	$18.10 $21.35
30x3	6.85 11.45	33x4½	13.45 21.85
30x3½	7.65 13.65	34x4½	14.00 22.35
32x3½	8.75 15.35	35x4½	14.60 22.15
31x4	10.45 16.85	36x4½	14.85 23.65
32x4	10.85 18.25	35x5	15.25 24.35
33x4	11.95 18.85	37x5	15.65 25.35
34x4	12.70 19.80		

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LOOK TO YANKS TO AID HUNGARY

Rhineland Industrialists Believe United States Anxious to Feed 'Em.

A new feeding job is being suggested for Uncle Sam, the world's ready reliever. An insistent cry is going up in Germany for American assistance in solving the Ruhr food problem during the coming Autumn and Winter.

The leading Ruhr industrialists, including Fritz Thiessen and Hugo Stinnes, take grave views of the food situation in the Ruhr and have made urgent representations here about the necessity of immediate relief measures on a large scale either by the government or outside agencies. Herr Stinnes seems to share the prevalent European view that the question of the day in America, since the withdrawal of the Hoover mission from Russia, is "Whom shall we feed next?" and is suggesting that the United States should advance 25 or 30 million dollars to finance the movement of the Winter's supply of potatoes, flour and fats to the Ruhr. Stinnes' idea is for a loan on Germany industrial security but how this could be reconciled with the proposed reparations mortgage on industrial property is not clear.

Visit Stars Rumor.

The idea of American relief was inspired largely by the visit to the Ruhr a month ago of a Hoover commission of inquiry and by a story current in the Ruhr for several months that the American embassy here had promised them that if worst came to worst the Ruhr would not be left to starve. Quantities of white paper are being spoiled in government offices and in newspaper presses over the emergency taxation proposals to raise money for a continuance of passive resistance, to solve the food problem and to check inflation. The proposed measures are hopelessly inadequate, even before leaving the cabinets' hands, to meet the deficit and will be far more out of date before passing the reichstag and reaching the tax bureau if the collapse of the mark continues at its present rate.

Expenses Skyrocket.

Great ado is being made over a law to collect quarterly payments of the income tax from heavy taxpayers on a 50-fold basis compared with the original assessment on the 1922 income. The circumstance that this merely doubles the tax rate enacted July 9 when the mark stood at 180,000 to the dollar while expenses have increased more than five fold generally, is ignored in discussing the patriotic burden to be imposed upon the businessmen. As a matter of mere arithmetic, the assessments would have to be multiplied by 150 instead of 50 to keep pace with the mark's depreciation since the end of 1922 or by 3,000 if the midyear value of the mark for 1922 incomes, on which assessments would be based, were taken into consideration. The wage earners and salaried men whose income tax is deducted from their pay are paying four times as much as on July 9 but even with the proposed doubling for big taxpayers the total estimated yield would be less than the current month's deficit. The only proposal of the lot which seems to meet the situation is that providing an issue of stable value government bonds based on a gold mark or dollar value. That, it is hoped, would induce farmers to part with their crops which at present they are refusing to market for paper marks worth next week perhaps 50 per cent of present value.

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SEES REDUCTION IN U. S. RECEIPTS

Budget Director Predicts Net Slump in '24 of $151,894,397.

A net reduction in the government receipts of $151,894,397 during the next fiscal year has been predicted by Herbert M. Lord, director of the budget, in his annual report to President Harding covering the operation of the federal budget during its second year. Estimates of expenditures have not been completed.

The income for the year is estimated at $3,486,695,086 compared with an estimated collection of $3,638,489,483 in the present fiscal year, which will end July 30, 1924.

Customs revenues estimated at $500,000,000 this year are expected to drop to $475,000,000 next year, while a loss of $50,000,000 is expected in income and profits taxes.

Miscellaneous international revenue is expected to maintain its present annual rate of $80,750,000.

Revenues from the various departments of the government, listed as miscellaneous receipts were expected to bring $2,413,845,086 and capital income and special operations, $72,750,000. Under the latter item were included railroad administration $23,000,000; repayment of loans to foreign governments $23,625,000; sale of farm loan bonds and liquidation of capital stock of federal land banks $26,125,000.

Analyzing the factors which led to an actual surplus of $309,657,460 on June 30, 1923 in place of the deficit of $822,433,231 which was forecast when the year began, the bureau said:

"This improvement in the governments financial condition is accounted for by: Increase in receipts over estimates, $768,101,415.62 and net decrease is estimated expenditures $363,989,275.68, making a total difference between the estimates of June 30, 1922, and actual results June 30, 1923, of $1,132,090,691."

This result, the report continued was in no small measure due to the efforts of individual departments and establishments and to the fine spirit of co-operation by them in carrying out the economy policies of the President.

Morse and Sons Acquitted of Fraud

Charles W. Morse, New York shipbuilder, his three sons and four others were acquitted in Washington by a jury on charges of conspiracy to defraud the United States in connection with wartime ship construction contracts.

The Latest Markets

Grain

Toledo — Wheat, cash, 98½c@99½c. Corn, cash, 91½@93½c. Oats, cash, 45@47c. Barley, cash, 27c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 68½c. Clover seed, cash, $11.10; Oct., $11.85; Dec., $11.85. Alsike, cash, $10.15; Oct., $10.30; Dec., $10.30. Timothy, cash, $3.15; Oct., $3.20.

Chicago — Wheat, Sept., 96¾c; Dec., $1.00⅛; May, $1.05. Corn, Sept., 76¾c; Dec., 63½c; May, 65⅛c. Oats, Sept., 35½c; Dec., 37⅛c; May, 39¾c. Rye, Sept., 63⅜c; Dec., 66½c; May, 70⅞c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 45c; solid pack, 44c. nut margarine, 24@24½c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 27@27½c; Michigan, 27c; cream cheese, 27c; York state, 32c; longhorn, 29@30c.

Eggs—Candled, 29c; selects, 34c.

Bacon — Fat, 11c; lean, 23c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 18c; 9 to 10 lbs., 17c; 11 to 12 lbs., 14c; 13 to 15 lbs., 12c. Lard — 11c. Ham — 22c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 14c; luncheon, 17c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 19@21c; geese, 13@15c; turkeys, 30@35c; hens, 22@24c; Leghorn broilers, 25@28c; broilers, 34@36c; old roosters and stags, 13@15c; light hens, 16@18c.

Hides—No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c; bull, 4c; green calf, No. 1, 11c; No. 2, 9½c; kip, 8c; No. 2, kip, 7½c; cured hides, No. 1, 8c; No. 2, 7c; horse hides, $3.00.

Produce

Cleveland—Butter, extra in tub lots, 45½@47½c; extra firsts, 44½@45½c; firsts, 43½@45½c; standard, 44¼@46½c; all prints 1c higher; packing stock, 30@32c. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 30c; extra firsts, 26c; Ohio firsts, 25½c; western firsts, 24c. Oleo—Prices to retailers: Nut oleo, 20c; high grade made of animal oil, 25@27c; lower grades, 16@17c. Cheese—Old York state, 27@28½c; new, 26@27c; brick, 27@28c; fancy Swiss, 40@42c; limburger, 28@30c. Poultry — Heavy fowls, 26@26c; light fowls, 18@20c; cocks, 17@18c; broilers, 33@35c; light, 25@27c; Spring ducks, 20@23c; old, 28@30c. Potatoes—Virginia Cobblers, stave barrels, best, $5.25@5.30; for good stock, 100-pound sacks, $3.40@3.50; early Ohio, $2.10 a hundredweight; Cobblers, $2.50@2.60 per 100-lb. sack. Sweet Potatoes — Louisiana, $2.20 a hamper.

Chicago — Butter, higher, creamery extras, 42c; standards, 42c; extra firsts, 40@41c; seconds, 36@37c; firsts, 38@39c. Eggs higher; receipts, 18,500 cases; firsts, 25@25¼c; ordinary firsts, 23@23½c; storage pack extras, 27½c; storage pack firsts, 26½@26¾c. Potatoes, steady; receipts, 143 cars; total United States shipments, 440; Kansas and Missouri sacked Cobblers U. S. No. 1, $1.90@2.15 cwt.; Kansas sacked Early Ohios U. S. No. 1, $1.75@1.90; partly grader, dirty, $1.60@1.70 cwt.; no sales on barrels. Poultry, alive, unsettled; fowls, 16@20 1-4c; broilers, 26c; Springs, 28c; roosters, 14c.

New York — Butter strong; receipts, 13,349; creamery firsts, 88 to 91 score, 39@42½c. Eggs firm; receipts, 13,983; Pacific coast whites, extras, 40@41½c; firsts to extra firsts, 34@35c. Cheese firm; receipts 145,780 pounds.

Live Stock

Cleveland — Cattle — Receipts 1,200; good steady, others slow, dull; choice dry fed yearlings, $9.25@9.75; fair to good do, $8.00@87.5; choice handyweight butcher steers, $8.25@8.75; fair to good do, $6.50@7570; choice heavy dry fed steers, $8.25@8.75; fair to good heavy and plain do, $7.25@7.75; common light butchers, $5.50@6.75; choice heifers, $7.25@7.50; fair to good heifers, $5.25@6.25; choice cows, $5.25@6.75; fair to good cows, $4.25@5.00; common cows, canners and cutters, $4.75@5.00; choice handyweight bulls, $5.25@6.25; choice heavy bulls, $4.74@5.25; common and bologna bulls, $4.25@4.75. Calves — Receipts 900; steady; good to choice veal calves, $12@13; fair to good, $4.00@9.00. Sheep and lambs—Receips 1,000; market slow, steady; good to choice spring lambs, $11.50@12.50; fair to good lambs, $7.00@9.00; good to choice wether sheep, $6.50@7.50; good to choice ewes, $3.50@4.50; fair to good, $5.00@6.00. Hogs — Receipts 6,000; 15@30c lower; yorkers, mixed and mediums, $8.35; heavies, $7.85; pigs and lights, $7.50; roughs, $5.75; stags, $4.00.

Pittsburgh, Pa. — Cattle — Receipts, 1,800; steady; steers, $1.00@10.75; heifers, $7.50@8.50; cows, $5.50@6.50. Hogs—Receipts, 6,500; steady: heavies $8.00@8.50; heavy Yorkers, $8.60@8.75; likht Yorkers, $8.60@8.65; pigs, $8.00@8.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,800; steady; top sheep, $7.50; top lambs, $13.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,300; lower: top, $12.50.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture) — Hogs — Receipts, 60,000; good kind strong to 10c higher; others slow; good to choice 160 to 240-pound averages, $7.80@7.95; top sorted light, $8.00; few desirable 250 to 325-pound butchers, $7.50@7.75; few packing sows, $5.90@6.25; strong weight pigs, $6.75@7.25; big packers doing little; took few mixed around 10c to 15c lower; heavyweight hogs, $7.00@7.70; medium, $7.25@7.95; light, $7.00@8.00; light light, $6.75@7.75; packing sows, smooth, $5.75@6.30; packing sows, rough, $5.50@5.75; killing pigs, $6.25@7.25.

Cattle—Receipts 20,000; better grades most killing classes, quality fair; in-between grades steady; top matured steers, $11.75; some held higher; numerous load, $11.25@11.65; best long yearlings, $11.50; receipts include 40 loads straight westerns unsold at this hour; vealers, steady to packers at $11.00@11.50; outsider hand picking upward to $12.00; bulls, steady to strong; stockers and feeders, steady; bulk bologna bulls, $4.00@4.50; canners and cutters, $2.75@3.50. Sheep—Receipts 18,000; fat lambs, strong to 20c higher; others and sheep generally steady; bulk good and choice western lambs, $12.40@12.60; top to city butchers and shippers, $12.70; most desirable natives, $11.75@12.00; culls mostly $8.50@9.00; few yearlings, $10.00; half deck medium to good 93-pound aged ewes, $6.50; few medium to good aged wethers $7.50; feeding lambs, early top $12.50.

Indianapolis—Hogs — (Receipts, 9,000; 25c lower; heavies, $7.25@7.65; lightweights, $8.00@8.15; top, $8.15; pigs, $5.00@7.25. Cattle—Receipts, 400; dull; steers no sales; beef cows, $4.50@6.50; heifers, $5.50@8.50. Calves—Receipts, 300; lower; veals, $8.00@11.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 200; steady; sheep, no sales; lambs, $8.00@11.00.

East Buffalo — Cattle — Receipts 3,500; fairly active and choice, slow on grass feed; shipping steers, $10.00@11.50; butchers, $8.00@9.00; yearlings, $8.50@10.50; heifers, $6.00@8.00; cows, $2.50@6.50; bulls, $3.25@6.00; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.50; fresh cows and springers, active and steady; $40.00@110.00. Calves — Receipts 23,000; active and steady; $4.00@14.50. Hogs—Receipts, 1,700; slow, 10c@15c lower; heavy, $8.00; mixed $8.40@8.50; Yorkers, $8.50; light Yorkers, $8.00@8.25; pigs, $8.60; roughs, $5.75@6.00; stags, $4.00@5.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,300; active; lambs, $6.00@12.50; yearlings, $8.00@10.50; wethers, $7.50@8.50; ewes, $4.00@8.00; mixed sheep, $2.00@4.00.

DIFFICULT FOREIGN EXCHANGE PRINCIPLES EXPLAINED BY HASKIN

The subject of foreign exchange has always been a bugbear to the layman and probably always will be—with ample justification. The fact is that the subject is more complicated than is realized.

Rudiments of Exchange.

The fundamentals of foreign exchange are these: The people of one country sell goods to the people of another country. The second country sells goods to the first also. Money is merely a token of value. The actual materials and commodities constitute the real values. In normal, ideal trade, countries trade off butter for shoes, for example, in even volume. The difficulty that arises is that the volume of trade seldom is exactly equal. One country sells more than another. The result is an unbalanced trade. When the commodities exchanged do not balance off precisely, the difference must be made up in money, the artificial, arbitrary token of value.

Money Has Its Price.

Money, like bicycles or rubber boots, has a price and that price fluctuates. Supply and demand govern it. When many Americans, as the result of unbalanced trade, owe money to many Britons, there is a heavy demand for British pounds. Therefore, the price of pounds goes up. At theoretical par, the pound sterling is worth $4.86. That means the British pound contains $4.86 worth of gold which is the standard medium throughout the world. When the demand for pounds is strong Americans may have to pay as much as $5 for one pound.

The reverse situation has been true for some years past. More British owed money in America than Americans in Great Britain. The result was that, at the lowest, an Englishman had to pay a full pound, normally worth $4.86 for only about $3 in American money. The pound has returned nearly to par at this time.

Banks Handle Exchange.

The machinery of exchange is handled nowadays almost wholly through the banks. Suppose a Philadelphia optician buys a consignment of optical goods from a wholesale firm in England. He pays for the goods by sending a check on an American bank. The seller in London deposits the check in his bank. The bank notes that here is a slip of paper which represents the ownership of dollars. It credits the seller of the goods with British pounds, which, of course, is what he wants. The dollars are put in a foreign exchange account.

The bank then becomes owner of these American dollars. Some one comes in who does not want to send to America a check payable in pounds but wants to buy dollars, already in America. The bank sells him the dollars represented by the American check charging a small profit on the transaction.

Larger Profit Possible.

If, in the meantime, the balance of trade has changed materially, so that there is a bigger demand for dollars than when the check came into possession of the bank, a larger profit is made because the price of dollars goes higher.

If countries exchanged goods directly, there would be no such thing as foreign exchange. When the poorer country ran out of goods, it merely would stop exchanges until it accumulated more. It is the system of using money, which is artificial, to fill in the gaps, which results in depreciation of exchange values.

Bernhardt's Estate Is Sold for $20,000

The late Sarah Bernhardt often tried to sell her country house on Belle Isle, off the coast of Brittany, but found no purchaser. The property includes a farm, an old fort and a rock strewn piece of shore front.

Within a few weeks of her death, however, a buyer was found at 350,000 francs, approximately $20,000. He intends to turn the house into a Summer hotel, and will have a jazz band and dancing on the first floor before the present season is over.

The mayor of Palais, the port of the little island, had hoped that the municipality would acquire the property and convert it into a Bernhardt museum.

British Editorial Praises President

In a sympathetic editorial earnestly hoping for President Harding's recovery, the Daily Mail says British interest in the President's case is personal as well as official.

"He possesses the character and temperament we approve in our public men," the editorial adds. "All we have heard of him gives the impression of courage, sincerity, moderation and firmness. He has earned title to remembrance in the history of the world as well as that of the republic and has held his place not unworthily in that famous line of democratic rulers that runs from Washington through Adams, Monroe, Lincoln and Roosevelt."

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SHADOW OF DEATH FALLS AS HARDING'S AIMS ARE REALIZED

The tragic end of President Harding's administration came at a time when several of the major projects of his foreign policy appeared to be nearing a decision.

It was well known among his friends that one of the influences impelling him to take the trip which ended with his death was his desire to carry to the country his advocacy of American adherence to the world court, expected to become the center of a vigorous battle at the coming session of congress. Within a few weeks the naval limitation treaty, regarded by Mr. Harding as a lasting monument to his service in the White House is to become an actuality by a formal exchange of ratifications at the state department.

Ambitions Nearly Realized.

Nearing completion are two negotiations designed to settle other troublesome questions in widely separated corners of the earth. Discussions proceeding at Mexico City are expected to result very soon in a resumption of amicable relations between the United States and its neighbor on the south, while at Lausanne a treaty is ready for signature restoring the relationship between Washington and Constantinople which was interrupted by the World war.

In the absence of an official statement it is assumed that the pending negotiations will be held in abeyance as a matter of form until the new president has given his authority for their completion and has drafted in some measure the foreign policy he will pursue.

There was no doubt that President Harding was preparing to carry forward when congress assembled the battle he launched in his original message recommending membership in the world court. He was convinced from the wide knowledge obtained during his two years in the White House that through this means there lay open a road to help forward the cause of world peace; and he seemed to care less and less as his thought was developed in his last public utterances for the details of how American participation in the court should be accomplished.

In the last public address he prepared on foreign relations the President reiterated his faith in the court and also discussed the negotiations proceeding at the Mexican capital. It seemed the irony of fate that on the very day of his death there had been given official expression in Washington to the expectation that the hour would see the agreement concluded. The negotiations the President had described were "in their last details" even as his life ended.

Turkish-American Treaty Ready.

Curiously enough, on the far side of the world at the same moment a similar situation prevailed and the Turkish-American treaty of amity and commerce was on the verge of signature by Ismet Pasha and Minister Grew at Lausanne. It, too, was the product of the constant labor of President Harding's administration to clarify the tangle in which after-the-war conditions had left the foreign relations of the nation.

Wolverine Is Nearing Extinction; Porcupine Quills Are Indigestible

The Sierra Nevada wolverine, known as the "glutton of America," and famed for his fierce and bloodthirsty disposition, is making his last stand in the high Sierras, Walter Fry, head of the nature guide service, Sequoia National park, California, says. The wolverine, Fry says, is being killed off by man, his natural enemy, and by his own gluttonous habit of killing and eating the porcupine. The latter's quills puncture the wolverine's intestines, causing him a death of agony in from seven to 10 days.

"The wolverine," the naturalist declares, "is by far the largest and most formidable of the weasel family. It is a strong, heavy-bodied animal, seldom weighing more than 125 pounds, or exceeding 22 inches in height or 40 inches in length. The wolverine, commonly speaking, is not an aggressive animal, but will fight desperately when attacked, or for the care of its young.

Is Valiant Battler.

"When once engaged in combat the beast knows no such thing as retreat, dying, if need be, but never falling back. He fights as long as a single spark of life remains.

"Mountain lion, bear, and mountain coyotes, whether coming singly or collectively upon a wolverine, seem to fully realize his ferociousness and quickly give way to his path. The wolverine not only expects the larger animals to leave him alone, but requires them to give up their own prey and permit him to satisfy his gluttonous appetite.

The wolverine, Fry explains, has no winning bursts of speed to catch his food supply, nor has he the gift of stalking his quarry. His lack of speed and skill has forced the animal to be a scavenger and eat anything in the way of flesh that is captured or found dead. He often follows the trap lines of fur trappers, eating or destroying the catches, baits, and, at times, dragging away the traps.

Beast Invades Camps.

He will invade a ranger's or trapper's cabin by tearing a hole through the roof or side-wall, destroy the food contents, and what he cannot eat or carry away, he will destroy in a manner that renders the food unfit for use. He will expend a surprising amount of labor in carrying off and burying foodstuffs and articles for which he has no use.

However, despite the destructive nature of the wolverine, Fry says the animal should not be exterminated. He urges that steps be taken immediately for the animal's protection. He concludes:

"These animals have played an important part in helping to save the larger game animals during the attacks of contagious diseases by consuming as food the dead and sick animals, thus preventing the spread of contagion. At their present rate of extinction they will soon go down and out and will join in history the mastodon and mammoth of the past."

Swedish Generals Urge Defense Army

Sweden's membership in the League of Nations has not eliminated the necessity of effective preparations for war, and the plan for a drastic reduction of the Swedish army, recently recommended by the Riksdag Defense Revision committee, does not provide such preparedness. This is the official opinion of the commission of 18 Swedish generals, after a recent conference.

In case of attack Sweden is to receive armed assistance from other members of the League, but until such assistance arrives, it was pointed out, the country must be prepared to resist the first shock.

The commission of Swedish generals urges the maintenance of the present number of army units, together with the retention of general compulsory service.

400 Union Miners to Lose Their Cards

Because its members refused to obey orders of the sub-district officials to return to work, the charter of Big Run local No. 2262, United Mine Workers, has been revoked by the International union at the request of Lee Hall, president of the Ohio miners.

Approximately 400 miners will lose their cards. They went on strike at the Big Run mine a week ago in protest to a check-off of one dollar assessed as a penalty for an illegal strike of one day.

The Big Run mine will be opened to other union miners, it was said.

President's Son Works in Field

While President Coolidge was en route to Washington Calvin Coolidge, Jr., was at work under a hot sun in a tobacco field near Halfield, Mass.

Calvin, Jr., 14, attired in khaki trousers, an old shirt, and well worn shoes, was working for $3.50 a day. The day is nine full hours. He said that the elevation of his father to the presidency should make no change in the Coolidge mode of life

How to build up your Weight

TO be under weight often proves low fighting-power in the body. It often means you are minus nerve-power, minus red-cells in your blood, minus health, minus vitality. It is serious to be minus, but the moment you increase the number of your red-blood-cells, you begin to become plus. That's why S. S. S., since 1826, has meant to thousands of underweight men and women, a plus in their strength. Your body fills to the point of power, your flesh becomes firmer, the age lines that come from thinness disappear. You look younger, firmer, happier, and you feel it, too, all over your body. More red-blood-cells! S. S. S. will build them.

S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine

Cured Her Rheumatism

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. E. Hurst, who lives at 308 E. Olive St., C-455, Bloomington, Ill., is so thankful at having cured herself that out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just how to get rid of their torture by a simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely cut out this notice, mail it to her with your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

TELLS BRITISH TO TIGHTEN LID ON EMIGRANTS

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis Speaks Bluntly to Political Leaders Across the Ocean.

So far as British officialdom is concerned, James J. Davis, the American secretary of labor, has turned out to be a very unsatisfactory returned son. It was reported in London weeks ago that Secretary Davis was anticipating his visit to England with special pleasure, because he had fared forth from Wales 40 years ago with a British passport, a steerage ticket and little else with which to serve out a career in the land of promise. Accordingly, some folks holding high positions in the vicinity of Whitehall, assumed it would be an easy matter to convince the British-born American cabinet minister that there were many features of the United States immigration restrictions that required immediate alteration—for the benefit of British immigrants only, of course, but were sadly disappointed.

Prodigal With Advice.

Mr. Davis arrived and forthwith began fulfilling engagements to meet British cabinet members, shipping line executives and labor leaders. It was soon discovered he lined up with the popular conception of a prodigal son only in prodigality of the advice he was ready, and even eager, to give all of them on the subject of what the British government—not the American government—ought to do to eliminate the ill-feeling engendered by Uncle Sam's determination to exclude undesirable immigrants.

Instead of sharing the popular British view that Britishers should get preferential treatment at Ellis Island and other points of entry, Secretary Davis bluntly told his interviewers that "Great Britain, more than any other nation, should see to it that only those mentally, morally and physically fit to become American citizens should be permitted to leave British shores."

British Are Perturbed.

Members of the Davis party have agreed that his candid advice along these and related lines has not pleased British officials. It was learned that Sir Montague Barlow, British minister of labor, was so perturbed at Mr. Davis' declaration, that "America does not want, and will no longer accept Europe's refuse," that he disappeared without saying "Good bye" at a tea arranged at the house of commons, where the American party met him. Attorney General Hogg, Lord Robert Cecil, Arthur Henderson and other public men.

Some persons suspected Mr. Davis' real object in coming to Europe was to persuade more emigrants to go to the U. S. In reply they got this from Mr. Davis: "I came to Europe in favor of a rigid selective system to govern the entry of prospective Americans. After a look around half a dozen European countries I am convinced, not of the advisability of such a plan, but of its absolute necessity."

Facts Suppressed.

In an interview in a London hotel he said: "I told British newspapermen here and on the other side of the Atlantic the truth about Ellis Island a dozen times, but your papers will not print it. The biased, exaggerated and sometimes entirely unfounded stories published about Ellis Island are part of a scheme worked by British steamship companies to discredit Ellis Island in hope that emigrant traffic be diverted to Canadian and other American ports which they serve, but which are not served by the United States lines."

It is possible Secretary Davis' blunt advice had something to do with the fact that no official, Anglo-American or society dinners have been arranged in his honor.

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SHIPS TO BE RUN BY ELECTRICITY

Engineer Believes Vessels Will Abandon Coal and Oil Fuels.

A prediction that within the next century ocean liners would be propelled and directed by electricity from power houses on shore, is made by G. Fatterini, chief engineer of the Vacuum Oil Co., in Italy, before sailing for Genoa on the Colombo.

Mr. Fatterini, who has experimented with marine motive power, declared that all steamers would pass from coal to oil, and added, "there is no danger of oil deposits being exhausted for another 100 years, and when that time comes we will find our vessels being propelled and directed by electrical currents from land stations. The recent experiments of France and Germany in directing the movements of airplanes by electric currents illustrates the principles which eventually will propel vessels and land machinery.

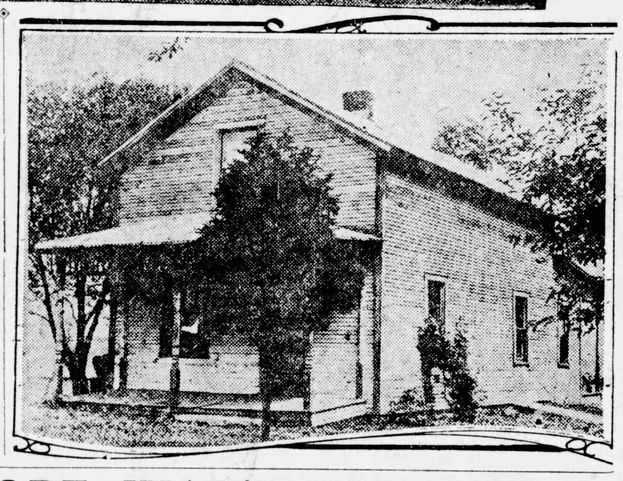
"The biggest thing, however, confronting science is the development of power from water. In a quart of water there is sufficient atomic power, if released to replace the power generated by 300 tons of coal."

U. S. Methodists to Aid Moscow Seminary

Bishop John L. Nuelson of the American Methodist church told the conference of the supreme church council last week that American Methodists would help the Reformist church council establish and maintain in Moscow a theological college where American theological teaching methods would be used.

Bishop Nuelson, who is making his second visit to Soviet Russia, said he is present now to study the new church movement "as America is interested greatly and sympathizes with the tendencies in the Russian church."

When the President Spoke of "Home" He Meant These



From the friendly porch of the hospitable Marion, O., home shown above, Warren G. Harding made his famous "front porch campaign" of 1920. Here he received the delegations of admirers from all parts of Ohio and from every state of the Union who thronged to see and to hear the editor-senator whose guiding hand had piloted the United States through many trying situations since March 4, 1921. The simple home in the second photograph is the humble birthplace on the Harding farm near Blooming Grove, Morrow county, Ohio, where the 29th president of the United States was born, Nov. 2, 1865. Only a few months ago President Harding purchased the farm and house where he was born, thinking to visit them frequently in his old age.

HARDING BORE WAR'S SORROW AND MANY STUBBORN PROBLEMS

Warren Gamaliel Harding was the 29th president of the United States.

From the great war his administration inherited the most stubborn and perplexing problems in the nation's history.

America had repudiated the league of nations and yet Europe and even bitter opponents of the league in the United States were looking to this country to play a leading part in the world reconstruction.

National morale was at a low ebb, as Europe was torn with strife, convalescing slowly, and constantly on the brink of new conflict. Business was in a sloth. Labor troubles were menacing. Moral standards had broken down in the false stimulation of war-day thrills.

With the world and the American ship of state listing heavily in rough seas of dissension, Mr. Harding assumed the helm and pledged himself and his administration to "the restoration of normal, helpful and natural relations between nations and between individuals after the abnormal experiences of the war."

How well he succeeded will be written in the history of after generations and only then will his true place among the presidents of the United States be fixed.

Called Arms Conference.

The most outstanding concrete action of President Harding's administration was the Washington conference for the limitations of armament in which six treaties were negotiated, between United States and the principal nations of the world. These treaties were ratified by the senate.

By the principal treaty Britain, France, Japan, Italy and the United States agreed to a limitation of naval armament, the famous 5-5-3 plan having been evolved. Other treaties related to the use of submarines and poisonous gases in war, in matters regarding insular possessions in the Pacific and to policies concerning China.

Mr. Harding sought by this method to guarantee the United States relief from taxes needed to construct a huge navy and bring to business a long period of security from war, looking years ahead to peaceful expansion, prosperity and steady employment of labor.

Government in Confusion.

When Mr. Harding went to the White House in March, 1921, he found governmental, social and industrial life in utter confusion. Business of the war had mounted federal business many fold; the shopping board and bureau of war risk insurance, both products of the world war, demanded complete revision to peace-time standards. He had to make good his word to inject business into government and get too much government out of business. The railroads, in the hands of the government during the war, were in a state of decay.

In his inaugural address President Harding had indicated leaning toward "a government not by an executive acting through clerks of his own appointing—but to a government by a party through parliamentary discussions and conferences."

"One of the first steps of the administration was to bring about a formal peace with the Central Powers. This treaty, having passed the senate, was signed by the President July 2, 1921.

Budget System Adopted.

On the recommendation of President Hardingf congress approved a budget system of government, Mr. Harding had the distinction of appointing the first budget officer. His recommendation that congress enact legislation for a revision of the war risk bureau, resulted in the Sweet bill creating the war veterans' bureau.

Another important accomplishment was the final settlement by which the British government agreed to the paymeit of its war debt of $4,600,000,000 to the United States.

From a domestic standpoint President Harding was faced soon after inauguration with a wave of unemployment, following letting down of industry. Under Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover a federal employment agency was established. Energies of the government after nearly two years of application succeeded in conquering unemployment.

By 1922 industrial conditions were approaching normal.

Mr. Harding went to the national Republican convention in Chicago in 1920 backed by one term in the United States senate and considerable experience in Ohio politics. He was not at first regarded as a contender. His nomination over Major General Wood, Senator Hiram Johnson, Governor Lowden of Illinois, and Herbert Hoover was a surprise.

Born inu 1865.

Warren G. Harding was born in Corsica, Morrow county, Ohio, Nov 2, 1865. His birthplace was long known as the Harding settlement, for there Amos Harding located with his large family of sons when he migrated westward from Pennsylvania about 1820. His great-grandfater, George Tyron Harding, got his name from a family connection with one of the colonial governors of Connecticut, and his great-grandmother was Elizabeth Madison, a fine type of the early Ohio pioneer woman.

His grandfather, Charles A. Harding, and his grandmother, Mary Crawford Harding, had only one son, George Tyron. He became a practicing physician at Marion, O., and the father of Warren. The President's mother was Phoebe Elizabeth Dickerson, a descendant of the sturdy Dickerson Van Kirk family, also emigrants from Pennsylvania.

Won Science Degree.

Warren G. Harding received his first schooling in the public schools of Caledonia, Marion county, where his father located in 1871, and in 1882 he was graduated from the old Ohio Central college at Iberia, with the degree of bachelor of science.

As a boy Warren G. Harding was much like other boys. He worked on a farm and in a brickyard, and as his father was a farmer and a miller, as well as a practicing physician, the boy aided in many ways in connection with all three professions.

Taught in Country School.

In 1882, the year of his graduation from college, Mr. Harding located with his parents in Marion and for a time taught in a country school. Adding what funds he was able to accumulate in this way to what he already had been able to save, the young man then began to study law. Wearying, however, of being dependent largely on his father, he attempted to add employment to study and his newspaper inclinations led him into the publishing business. That was in 1884, and he had been a newspaper editor and publisher until recently, when the paper was sold to Louis Brush of East Liverpool and Roy H. Moore, Columbus.

For a time Mr. Harding was employed as a reporter for the Marion Mirror, a Democratic newspaper, but he was discharged because he insisted on wearing a Blaine hat during the campaign.

Mr. Harding made the Marion Star a notable newspaper success, in the face of many obstacles, and it stands as a proof of his ability and business capacity.

It was one of the first attempts in America at publishing a daily paper in a country town. Today it is one of the best newspaper properties in Ohio.

Whatever his other attainments, Mr. Harding's greatest pride wes in his professional accomplishments and training as printer, editor and publisher.

Nor did the interest and exacting duties of his high office serve to dull his delight in pottering about a composing room. On his first trip back home after his inauguration, he went to the Star office, pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, borrowed a chew of tobacco and helped "make up" the paper. His luck charm was a printer's rule, carried always in a vest pocket.

Entered Political Field in 1900.

Mr. Harding's public service began in 1900. He served two terms in the Ohio state senate and one term as lieutenant governor of the state. During his public service in Ohio he spoke more than 300 times to large audiences and acquired a reputation as an eloquent and forceful speaker.

He was nominated for governor by the Republicans in 1910 and was beaten by nearly 100,000 Votes. The defeat was not registered as a personal one against him, however, as the year marked the beginning of the Progressive floodtide, the Republican party was split and Harding went down with his ticket.

Mr. Harding was nominated for senator at the first senatorial primary ever held in Ohio, in 1914, and at the subsequent election was elected by more than 100,000 majority. At the primaries he defeated former Senator Joseph B. Foraker, and at the election former Attorney General (of Ohio) Timothy Hogan, both regarded as exceptionally strong men.

In 1912 it was Harding who put William Howard Taft's name before the Republican convention in an eloquent speech. His senatorial career was dignified and unmarked by any fireworks.

Mr. Harding married Miss Florence Kling of Marion, O., July 8, 1891. They have no children. The President was a member of the Baptist church, a Scottish Rite Mason and belonged to a number of fraternal organizations.

Marion, O., his home city, credits Mr. Harding with being a factor in making the city her citizens' boast, and he had a place on nearly a dozen of the directorates of the city's important institutions.

Warren G. Harding brought to the presidency an infinite patience and kindness in dealing with public questions and men, which enabled him to handle the problems of government without the stress and worry which had handicapped many of his predecessors.

Faced Complex Problems.

Whatever else historians may say of him there probably will be little dispute that few executives came to office in peace time facing problems more complex in their nature or greater in number.

All international affairs were unbalanced as never before, with many principle settlements of the great war still to be effectuated. At home the work of reconstruction had only just begun, with business depressed, agriculture prostrate and unemployment general.

How President Harding measured up to the task before him must be left to the historian, but his friends said that coming to the presidency as he did, with an open mind, a desire for counsel and an intimate knowledge of the processes of government acquired in his services in the senate, he was the type of man needed for the post at such a time.

Agaians All Alliances.

Preaching upon every occasion the doctrine of Americanism, he set his face resolutely against "entangling alliances." While thus adhering to what he was pleased to term the principles of the founding fathers, he nevertheless lent the moral assistance of the government in the efforts to bind up the wounds of the world.

That influence was once declared by him to be not inconsiderable, and so America under his guidance had a part, silent though it was, in the main in effecting the settlement of many vexing world questions. Its chief contribution was the Washington arms conference at which the principal powers covenanted to limit the size of their navies and thus lift from tax-weary peoples the burden of maintaining the race for naval supremacy.

Indicated U. S. Attitude.

Along with the proffer of counsel in effecting world settlement went an insistance that American rights be recognized. In polished phrase, but with a directness of expression that was not to be misconstrued, the world was given to understand from the very first of the Harding administration that the United States freely respecting the rights of the other nations, asked for herself only that to which she was entitled in simple justice and that she could accept nothing less.

While in his dealings with congress Mr. Harding preferred the role of counsellor rather than dictator, he speedily removed any doubt that his gift of patience denoted any lack of purpose once he had charted a course. Thus he told congress that soldiers' bonus legislation either should carry the means of financing or be postponed, and when the legislators put aside his advice he promptly vetoed the bill they sent him. His tenacity of purpose was further exemplified in his continual pounding for economy in public expenditures and again in his insistance that congress pass the merchant marine aid bill with a view to curtailing the continual drain which the operation of the war-built commercial fleet had become upon the treasury.

Always a Peace-Maker.

His greatest single effort in the field of domestic legislation was in behalf of this measure. Not infrequently the President was called upon to play the role of peace-maker in governmental affairs. He intervened in a dispute between congress and the treasury as to the form general tax revision was to take and the program he approved was carried out in the main with a reduction of more than half a billion in the nation's tax burden.

Likewise, his counsel settled the long controversy between the house and senate on the question of American valuation in the tariff law. He proposed in its place a flexible tariff arrangement under which the tariff commission was given authority with his approval to increase or lower rates within prescribed limitations. Upon signing the bill, the President declared it constituted the greatest tariff reform in American history.

Friend of McKinley.

Early in his years of political service he met William McKinley to whom his close friendship often likened him and with whom he had in common a predominant passion for obliteration of class and sectional lines. A friendship sprang up between the two men. Mr. Harding also was close in later days to Theodore Roosevelt, Senators Forker and Penrose and others high in his party counsel.

The President was a lifelong Baptist and was a trustee of his home church in Marion. He also had been a member of the Elk and Moose fraternities for years and after his election as President he became a thirty-second degree Mason and a Shriner.

Golf was his favorite recreation, but he also liked to fish, although his opportunities for that sport were limited after he came to the White House. He played hard and possessed the faculty of putting all his worries behind him during his recreation hours.

Melting Pot Is Filled to Brim

Immigration officials last Wednesday were in the midst of the heaviest rush of aliens in the history of Ellis Island. Almost 12,000 aliens crossed the imaginary line from Gravesend bay into Quarantine within 10 minutes after the stroke of midnight.

Commissioner Curran stated that he would rush them through the island as fast as possible but that he did not expect to handle more than 2,000 a day.

During the day the total of arriving aliens was expected to reach 21,000 at least. Many more are now on the Atlantic. Of these, thousands will arrive after their countries' quotas have been filled.

FINAL CHAPTER READY FOR SEAL

Harding's Arms Congress Believed Soon to Become Fully Effective.

BY DOUGLAS

President Harding's Washington arms conference soon will be written.

With the exchange of ratifications, shortly to be announced by France, the naval limitation treaty and the four-power treaty, by which the Anglo-Japanese alliance came to an end will become fully effective. The other governments which are parties to these treaties have already deposited formal ratification notices with the State Department.

One of the greatest diplomatic achievements in history will then be recorded to the credit of the Harding administration.

Under the naval treaty, the United States, Great Britain and Japan agree to maintain their present strength with regard to fortifications and bases in the Pacific and this provision alone means the saving of millions of dollars to the United States annually.

Ever since the Spanish-American war this government has spent huge sums regularly for fortifications in the Philippines, Hawaii, Guam and along the Pacific coast.

The agreement contained in Article 19 of the same treaty is regarded as of special interest now in view of the unsettled conditions in the Philippines where the Filipinos are renewing their demands for independence.

The Filiponos make much of the fact that under the naval agreement their islands are guaranteed against danger from any source should the natives be finally permitted to set up an independent government.

They also draw attention to the provisions of the four-power treaty by which the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan pledge themselves to maintain peace in the Pacific.

The Filipino contention is that if the islanders should set up an independent government that government would be protected by this treaty. The probable effect was discussed at length by the delegates to the arms conference when Article 19 was under consideration.

All plans for extension of fortifications and the construction of new naval bases in the Philippines, as well as on the island of Guam, were suspended in the Spring of 1921 after the signing of the naval treaty. Now that the treaty has been ratified and the agreement to suspend all work made binding, the government's plans will be entirely cancelled.

First Lady Brave In Sorrow

Mrs. Warren G. Harding

MRS. HARDING FACES LOSS OF LIFE-LONG COMPANION BRAVELY

Brigadier General C. E. Sawyer made public the following statement concerning the President's widow:

"Mrs. Harding is a very brave woman. From the beginning she had known of the serious and threatening phases of her husband's illness and she prepared herself for any emergency. She has been with him constantly ministering to his wants and watching over him.

"Death came suddenly, without warning, as she was reading to him at the end of a day of apparent improvement. She was shocked of course, and at first unable to realize that she had lost the husband who had made up all the interest in her life for so many proud and happy years. But there was no collapse, no hysteria. Just a brave rally to face her sorrows and the duties devolving upon her at this hour.

"I give this statement in order that her many friends may not be unduly alarmed as to her condition."

Receives Navy Captain

Mrs. Harding received Captain Allen Buchanan, commander of the navy transport Henderson, on which the President sailed for Alaska and returned to the continental United States, who came to offer his condolences. After the meeting, Captain Buchanan said:

"Mrs. Harding is a woman of remarkable qualities. She is bearing up with great bravery and courage."

"Mrs. Harding has a firm grip upon herself," said Herbert C. Hoover, secretary of commerce, when questioned by interviewers as to her condition as he emerged from the presidential suite.

Bearing Up Well.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of the secretary of commerce, was with Mrs. Harding almost continuously for hours after the President's death. She declared that the first lady was bearing up extremely well under the shock of the tragedy.

"Mrs. Harding is perfectly well," said Mrs. Hoover. "Of course, she suffers, but there is nothing like a collapse. She is going to be terribly upset if she sees the newspapers that say she collapsed."

WASHINGTON REVIEWS PATHETIC CONTRAST OF 1921 INAUGURATION

Fresh in the memory of Washingtonians is the picture of inauguration day, March 4, 1921.

Up Pennsylvania avenue in an open motor car rode two men, one of them was the outgoing president, Woodrow Wilson—an invalid, pale and shrunken, a mere shadow of the Wilson who four years before had been inducted into office for a second term.

The other was a man of stalwart, striking figure, his strong face radiating health and beaming with friendly sympathy for the wreck beside him. He was Warren G. Harding of Marion, about to take up the burden Wilson was laying down.

"Sick" Man Lives.

Now after two years and five months, the emaciated and crippled Wilson is living still in Washington—the "Hermit of S Street"—while the man who succeeded him is dead and his body is on the way to the capital.

The tragic pathos of this contrast appalls the city and brings forcibly before the nation the inexorable penalty which the presidency of the United States exacts for the power and responsibilities which go with it.

Presidency Is Fatal.

With its enormously increased duties, its weighty social and political actions and its mountainous mass of crushing routine, the presidency has become a president killer. It killed Harding. It all but killed Wilson.

One immediate effect of President Harding's untimely death, Washington political observers say, will be a sobering of the elements of unrest which have been surging throughout the country.

The feeling prevails that radicalism, recently evidenced in the Minnesota election and demands for an extraordinary session of congress, will restrain itself rather than risk public condemnation by renewed agitation at this time.

Extra Session Opposed.

President Harding was known to be strongly opposed to calling congress in session before it regularly convenes next December and President Coolidge doubtless will take the same stand.

Some of the most ardent followers of Senator La Follette admit that Senators Magnus Johnson and Shipstead of Minnesota, Frazier of North Dakota, and Brookhart of Iowa, were guilty of a bad tactical blunder when, early this week, they joined in a telegram to Harding then on what proved to be his deathbed, demanding that he immediately call congress in session. They point out that La Follette himself had not favored this action now that President Harding is dead, any attempt to press the proposal that congress authorize the government to buy with the taxpayers' money 250,000,000 bushels of wheat at a price fixed to insure producers a profit would arouse general resentment and result disastrously for the so-called "radicals" progressive movement.

Radicals Without Rudder.

La Follette left for Europe last Tuesday and unless he immediately returns, the radical group will remain leaderless for the next two months. An effort of Brookhart or any other member of the group to assume leadership in his absence would probably cause dissension within the ranks of the radicals themselves.

While radicalism thus may be temporarily repressed, there is prospect of increasing chaos in the Republican party over the presidential nomination next year.

Scramble for Nomination.

Death having shattered the seeming certainty of President Harding's renomination, a free-for-all scramble is likely.

Favorite sons will spring up in many states—Governor Gifford Pinchot in Pennsylvania, Senator James E. Watson in Indiana, and perhaps Senators Frank B. Willis or Simeon D. Fess in Ohio.

Senator Hiram W. Johnson, California, who made such a remarkable showing in 1920, will make a mighty effort to capture the nomination and, if supported by conservatives who fear La Follette, may succeed. Federal Judge William S. Kenyon of Iowa, former senator, is also a possibility. But there is Coolidge to reckon with. If he makes good, as there is every reason to believe he will, he may walk off with the nomination. Again, he may not.

The whole situation is full of uncertainty and confusion which are likely to continue up until the fateful Republican national convention in June, 1924.

WEEK IN BASEBALL

Apparently ready for a stumble from the pennant wall, the New York Giants rallied their heavy hitting combination and in last week's games shook off both the Pittsburghs and Cincinnati clubs. Monday, after three victories out of five starts with the Pirates and two straight credited to them over the Reds, the Giants were five in the lead. The Giants had one of the heaviest hitting weeks of the season. Cincinnati and Pittsburgh are hanging on well bu tthe Reds must win the three remaining contests of the series with th eGiants in order to make the race close.

In the American league the Yankees managed to hold a big lead. Cleveland continued to play an excellent game, while the Athletics kept along their losing way, failing to account for a victory during the week.

By virtue of two home runs slammed out Sunday, Babe Ruth of the New York Americans is but one circuit clout behind Cy Williams of the Philadelphia Nationals, who has been leading both leagues in home runs. Ruth had 27 circuit clouts to his credit, while Williams had batted out 28 four-baggers.

Kenneth Williams of the St. Louis Americans held third place in the two leagues with 19 home runs. Two weeks ago Ruth tied Cy Williams and the two heavy hitters went neck and neck for two days, when Williams again gained the advantage.

McAdoo Deplores Harding's Death

William Gibbs McAdoo, secretary of the treasury in the Wilson administration, said last week: "The whole country deplores the untimely death of President Harding. It is a very unhappy circumstance that he was not permitted to complete his term of office. Mrs. Harding has the universal sympathy of all the people in the great loss she has sustained."

ADOPT SHORTER STEEL DAY PLAN

Elimination of 12-Hour Period Accomplished on Eve of Harding's Death.

One of the great labor reforms for which President Harding worked so long, the elimination of the 12-hour day in the steel industry, were accomplished just a few hours before his death. Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of the United States Steel corporation, was greatly grieved when he announced adoption of plans for a shorter working day, which resulted from a promise made to Mr. Harding.

"I am terribly disturbed," said Mr. Gary. "President Harding's removal at this time is a calamity. He had the confidence and affection of the whole people. The business will suffer temporarily."

Elimination of the 12-hour day in the steel industry will begin immediately and wages of employes, whose hours are reduced from 12 to eight hours, will be so adjusted as to afford earnings equivalent to a 25 per cent increase in hourly and base rates.

Mr. Gary, in making the formal announcement, said the change would be effected as rapidly as the supply of labor will permit. He said it was impossible to say when the change would be completed, but declared there would be no unnecessary delay on the part of anyone.

It is estimated that the shorter working day will necessitate the employment of between 60,000 and 65,000 additional laborers and will add approximately $45,000,000 to the annual payroll of the industry.

G. A. R. Chief Feels Loss of President

"In the death of President Harding we are forcefully reminded of the slender thread of life, even for the strongest of men," said Judge James W. Willett, commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, in commenting on the President's passing.

"A splendid specimen of American manhood; thoroughly equipped physically and mentally for the arduous duties of his exalted position as chief executive of the republic, is called suddenly to his death. This occurs at a crucial time, and we are deprived of our great leader."

Prohibition Booms Tea

Prohibition is responsible for an increase in the quantity of tea consumed through the world, Mincing Lane experts say. Britishers now consume tea at the rate of 8½ lbs a head, compared with 6½ lbs a few years ago. Some of this increase is due to the high price of beer, which forces the British workman to "let off steam" on pints of tea instead of beer.

Your Glands Wear Out

The True Way to Keep or Regain the Active Vigor of Your Younger Days. Both Physical and Mental Powers Depend Upon the Glands.

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Genuine Gland Substance is fed the glands—both men and women by the Lewis Combined Treatment. Not only fed in Tablets, but also in the form of Suppositories that are directly absorbed into the system.

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The Lewis Gland Treatment is absolutely original in every particular and nothing like it has ever before been known in medical science.

If you have tried many other forms of medical treatment without relief and have despaired of finding anything helpful, then you are the very one above all others to whom we will most gladly send one of our Demonstration Treatments.

The Lewis Method will positively rebuild and replace worn and wasted gland tissue. It will increase vitality both physical and mental. It will renew strength, especially as to the functioning of the glands. It will increase your endurance and render you less liable to fatigue. It will improve your general health and in most cases cause a marked improvement in your appearance. Your appetite will increase and you will almost surely gain in weight if you are at present in a "run-down" condition.

It is especially recommended to men for Prostatic troubles, Liver, Kidney and Bladder disorders and Rheumatism, both muscular and joint.

The instructions and suggestions that accompany the Demonstration Treatment will tell you about the Lewis Treatment in much greater detail than is possible in a general announcement.

All our correspondence and all packages sent by us come to you in plain, sealed containers.

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